



*New Winter from the frozen North
Drives his iron Chariot forth
His grizzly hand in icy Chains
Fair Tuedas silver flood constrains.*
Vol. XIV. Ode 7 on Spring



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BELL's
CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT
OF
FUGITIVE POETRY.
VOL. XIV.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.



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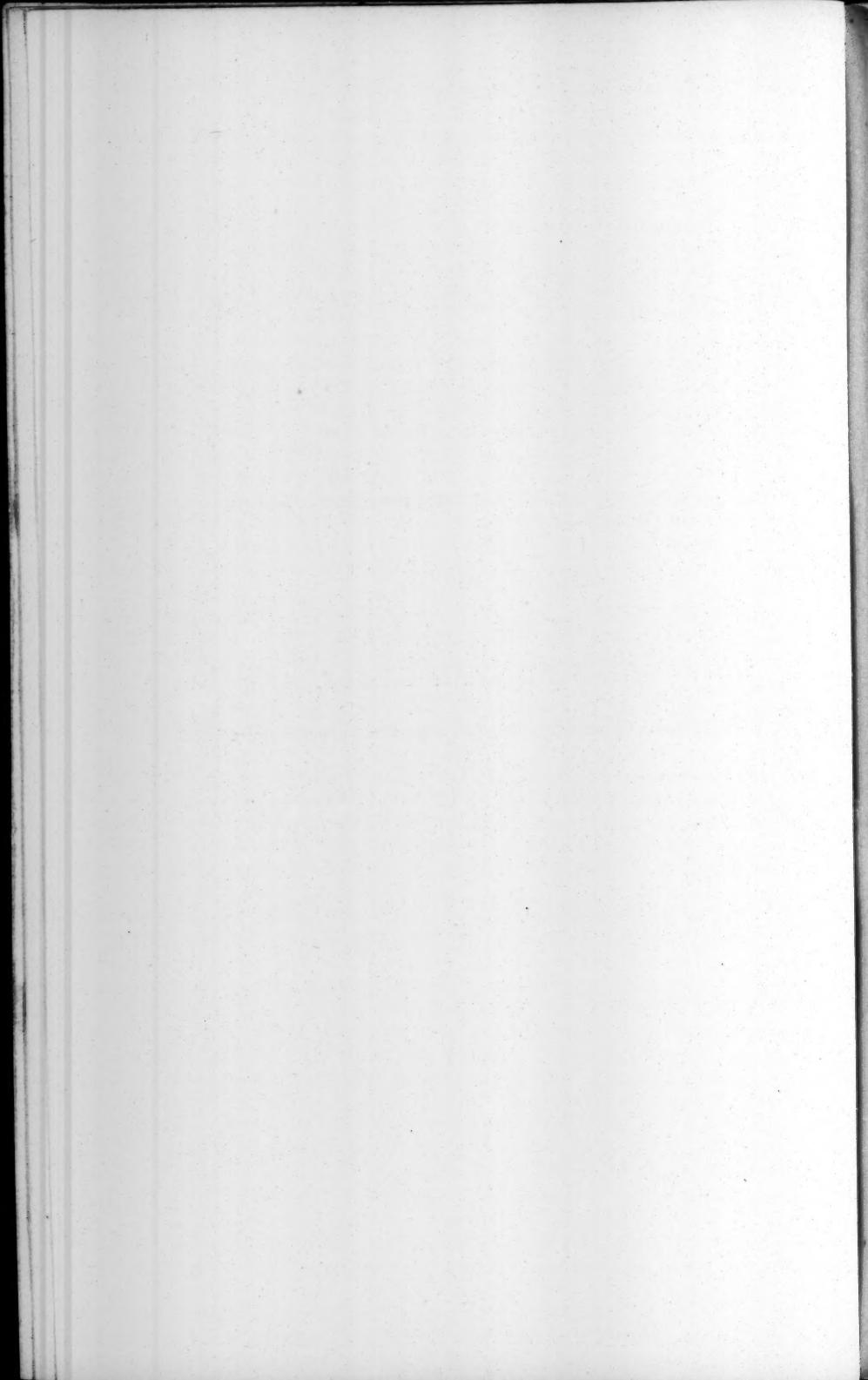
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ODES.

OF THE

THIRD AND FOURTH CLASS.



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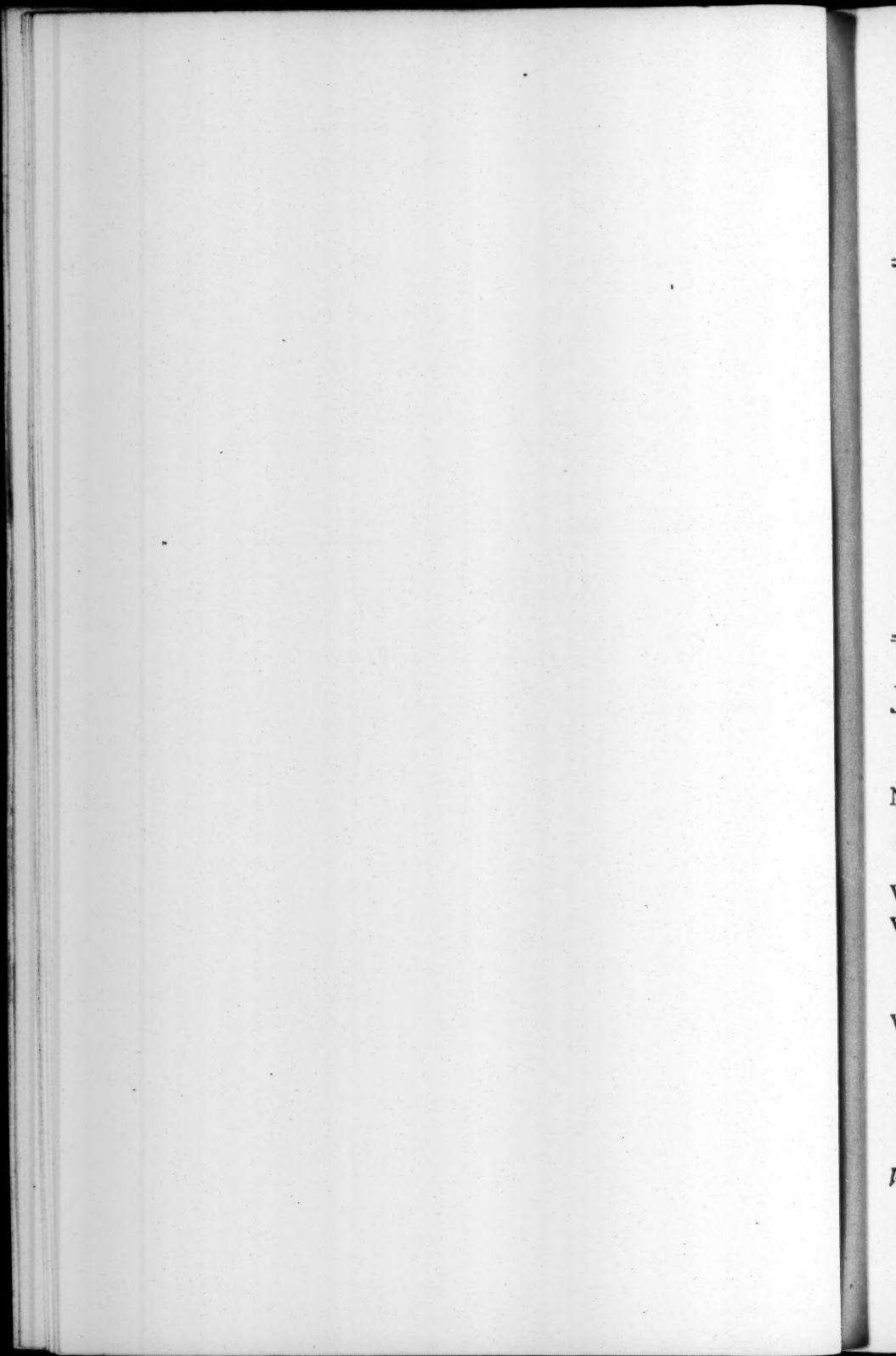
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ODES
OF THE THIRD CLASS.



ODES.

CLASS THE THIRD

CONTINUED.

ODE X.

A

WISH TO THE NEW-YEAR.

Supposed to have been written by
ELIJAH FENTON, 1705.

JANUS! great leader of the rolling year,
Since all that's past no vows can e'er restore,
But joys and griefs alike, once hurried o'er,
No longer now deserves a smile or tear:
Close the fantastic scenes—but grace
With brightest aspects thy fore-face,
While Time's new offspring hasten to appear.
With lucky omens guide the coming hours,
Command the circling Seasons to advance,
And form their renovated dance,
With flowing pleasures fraught, and bless'd by friendly
powers.

Thy month, O Janus! gave me first to know
A mortal's trifling cares below:

My race of life began with thee.
Thus far, from great misfortunes free,
Contented, I my lot endure,
Nor Nature's rigid laws arraign,
Nor spurn at common ills in vain,
Which Folly cannot shun, nor wise reflection cure.

But, oh!—more anxious for the year to come,
I would foreknow my future doom.
Then tell me, Janus, canst thou spy
Events that yet in embryo lie,
For me, in Time's mysterious womb?
Tell me—nor shall I dread to hear
A thousand accidents severe;
I'll fortify my soul the load to bear,
If love rejected add not to its weight,
To finish me in woes, and crush me down with fate.

But if the Goddess, in whose charming eyes,
More clearly written than in Fate's dark book,
My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune lies;
If she must with a less propitious look
Forbid my humble sacrifice,
Or blast me with a killing frown;
If, Janus, this thou sees't in store,
Cut short my mortal thread, and now
Take back the gift thou didst bestow!
Here let me lay my burden down,
And cease to love in vain, and be a wretch no more.

ODE XI.

ON
THE COMMENCEMENT OF
THE YEAR MDCCXXXIX.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR, ESQ.

JANUS, who, with sliding pace,
Run'st a never-ending race,
And driv'st about, in prone career,
The whirling circle of the year,
Kindly indulge a little stay,
I beg but one swift hour's delay.
O! while th' important minutes wait,
Let me revolve the books of fate;
See what the coming year intends
To me, my country, kin, and friends.
Then mayst thou wing thy flight, and go,
To scatter, blindly, joys and woe;
Spread dire disease, or purest health,
And, as thou list, grant place or wealth.
This hour, with-held by potent charms,
Ev'n Peace shall sleep in Pow'r's mad arms;
Kings feel their inward torments less,
And for a moment wish to bless.

Life now presents another scene,
The same strange farce to act again;
Again the weary human play'rs
Advance, and take their several shares:
Clodius riots, Caesar fights,
Tully pleads, and Maro writes,
Ammon's fierce son controls the globe,
And Harlequin diverts the mob.

To Time's dark cave the year retreats,
These hoary unfrequented seats;
There from his loaded wing he lays
The months, the minutes, hours, and days;
Then flies, the seasons in his train,
To compass round the year again.

See there, in various heaps combin'd,
The vast designs of human kind;
Whatever swell'd the statesman's thought,
The mischiefs mad ambition wrought,
Public revenge and hidden guilt,
The blood by secret murder spilt,
Friendships to sordid interest given,
And ill-match'd hearts, ne'er paid in heav'n;
What Avarice, to crown his store,
Stole from the orphan and the poor;
Or Luxury's more shameful waste,
Squander'd on the unthankful feast.
Ye Kings, and guilty great, draw near;
Before this awful court appear:
Bare to the Muse's piercing eye
The secrets of all mortals lie;

She, strict avenger, brings to light
Your crimes conceal'd in darkest night;
As conscience, to her trust most true,
Shall judge between th' oppress'd and you.

This casket shows, ye wretched train,
How often merit su'd in vain.
See, there, undry'd, the widow's tears:
See, there, unsooth'd the orphan's fears:
Yet, look, what mighty sums appear,
The vile profusion of the year.
Couldst thou not, impious Greatness, give
The smallest alms that want might live?
And yet, how many a large repast,
Pall'd the rich glutton's sickly taste!
One table's vain intemp'rare load,
With ambush, death, and sickness strow'd,
Had blest the cottage peaceful shade,
And given its children health and bread:
The rustic sire, and faithful spouse,
With each dear pledge of honest vows,
Had, at the sober-tasted meal,
Repeated oft the grateful tale;
Had hymn'd, in native language free,
The song of thanks to Heaven and thee;
A music that the Great ne'er hear,
Yet sweeter to th' internal ear
Than any soft seducing note
E'er thrill'd from Farinelli's throat.

Let's still search on—This bundle's large.
What's here? 'Tis Science' plaintive charge.

Hear Wisdom's philosophic sigh
(Neglected all her treasures lie),
That none her secret haunts explore,
To learn what Plato taught before ;
Her sons seduc'd to turn their parts
To flattery's more thriving arts ;
Refine their better sense away,
And join corruption's flag, for pay.
See his reward the gamester share,
Who painted moral virtue fair,
Inspir'd the minds of generous youth
To love the simple mistress Truth ;
The patient path distinctly show'd,
That Rome and Greece to glory trod ;
That self-applause is noblest fame,
And Kings may greatness link to shame,
While honesty is no disgrace,
And peace can smile without a place.
Hear too Astronomy repine,
Who taught unnumber'd worlds to shine ;
Who travels boundless aether thro'
And brings the distant orbs to view.
Can she her broken glass repair,
Tho' Av'rice has her all to spare ?
What mighty secrets had been found,
Could Virtue but have stole five pound ?
Yet see where, given to wealth and pride,
A bulky pension lies beside.
Avaunt then, Riches ! no delay ;
I spurn th' ignoble heaps away.

What tho' your charms can purchase all
The giddy honours of this ball ;
Make natures germans all divide,
And haughty peers renounce their pride ;
Can buy proud Celia's sordid smile,
Or, ripe for fate, this destin'd isle ;
Tho' Greatness condescend to pray,
Will time indulge one hour's delay,
Or give the wretch, intent on pelf,
One moment's credit with himself ?
Virtue, that true from false discerns,
The vulgar courtly phrase unlearns,
Superior far to Fortune's frown,
Bestows alone the stable crown,
The wreath from honour's root that springs,
That fades upon the brows of Kings.

Hear Wisdom's philosophic sigh
(Neglected all her treasures lie),
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ODE XII.

TO

CUPID

ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY MR. PARROT.

COME, thou rosy-dimpled boy,
Source of every heart-felt joy,
Leave the blissful bow'rs awhile,
Paphos and the Cyprian isle :
Visit Britain's rocky shore,
Britons too thy pow'r adore ;
Britons hardy, bold, and free,
Own thy laws, and yield to thee.
Source of every heart-felt joy,
Come, thou rosy-dimpled boy.

Haste to Sylvia, haste away :
This is thine, and Hymen's day.
Bid her thy soft bondage wear,
Bid her for Love's rites prepare.
Let the nymphs with many a flower
Deck the sacred nuptial bower.

Thither lead the lovely Fair ;
And let Hymen too be there.
This is thine, and Hymen's day :
Haste to Sylvia, haste away.

Only while we love, we live ;
Love alone can pleasure give.
Pomp and power, and tinsel state,
Those false pageants of the great,
Crowns and sceptres, envied things,
And the pride of Eastern kings,
Are but childish empty toys,
When compar'd to Love's sweet joys.
Love alone can pleasure give :
Only while we love, we live.

ODE XIII.

ADDRESSED

TO VALENTINE,

ON THE RETURN OF SPRING.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL SAY.

HAIL! best of Bishops, and of Saints the best ;
By flaming love distinguish'd from the rest ;
By Love, the life in heaven, and business of the blest.

Love made the world ! 'Twas love alone could draw
The disagreeing seeds to Nature's law ;
Heaven saw th' effects of Love, and bless'd them when it
saw.

Hence, mighty Saint, thy power ; deriv'd from Love,
Thy great commission reaches all above,
And earth and sea beneath, and all that live and move.

Thou call'st the flowers : they feel the glad com-
mand ;
On sunny banks in smiling rows they stand,
Broke from their mother's womb, and drest by Nature's
hand.

By thee the birds salute the welcome Spring;
Inspir'd by thee and Love, in pairs they sing:
With music and with joy the woods and vallies ring.

Fierce tigers yield to thee. To hear thy voice,
The gentle hind and rugged bears rejoice,
And fishes scud the waves to meet their happy choice.

See, see, the cheerful morn ! how bright it shines !
With larger steps the sun his course declines,
As conscious of thy day, and favouring thy designs.

All wed below, and he above would wed ;
The youthful Earth has drest her fragrant bed,
And promises her shades to shroud his radiant head.

At his approach the storms and winter fly ;
The joyful bride her snowy vest lays by,
Nor does, untimely coy, her naked form deny.

Ah ! could thy power so warm Lucretia's heart,
And make the winter there and cold depart,
How wouldst thou bless a wretch, and ease his raging
smart !

Couldst thou but make her soul consent with mine,
And with her heart her answering hands to join,
For thee should Phoebus sing, and all the tuneful Nine.

While I in annual songs thy name would raise,
Thy day should stand above the rest of days,
All lovers bless the Saint, and crown my head with bays !

'ODE XIV.

ON *THE SPRING.*

GENTLE Zephyrs come away !
On this sweet, this silent grove,
Sacred to the Muse and Love,
In softest-whisper'd murmurs play.
Come, let thy soft, thy balmy breeze
Diffuse the vernal sweets around
From sprouting flowers and blossom'd trees ;
While echoing hills and vales resound
With notes, which wing'd Musicians sing
In honour to the bloom of Spring.

Lovely Season of desire !
Nature smiles with joy to see
The amorous months led on by thee,
That kindly wake her genial fire.
The brightest object in the skies,
The fairest lights that shine below,
The Sun and Myra's charming eyes,
At thy return more charming grow.
With double glory they appear,
To warm and grace the infant year.

ODE XV

ON
THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

STERN Winter now by Spring repress'd,
Forbears the long-continued strife,
And Nature on her naked breast
Delights to catch the gales of Life.

Now, o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft Pleasure, with her laughing train,
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And Vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy ! whom to beds of pain
Arthritic Tyranny consigns,
Whom smiling Nature courts in vain,
Tho' Rapture sings, and Beauty shines.

Yet tho' my limbs Disease invades,
Her wings Imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades,
Where **'s humble turrets rise.

Here stop, my Soul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great Nature charm'd my sight,
Where Wisdom first inform'd my heart.

Here let me thro' the vales pursue
A guide, a father, and a friend ;
Once more great Nature's work renew,
Once more on Wisdom's voice attend.

From false caresses, causeless strife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd ;
Here let me learn the use of life,
When best enjoy'd, when most improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bower,
Cool Meditation's quiet seat,
The generous scorn of venal power,
The silent grandeur of retreat.

When Pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
Or raging Factions rush to war ;
Here let me learn to shun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not share.

But, lest I fall by subtler foes,
Bright Wisdom teach me Curio's art,
The swelling passions to compose,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

ODE XVI.

ON
SPRING.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR, ESQ.

Immortalia ne speres, monet annus----- HCR.

Now Spring begins her smiling round,
Lavish to paint th' enamel'd ground ;
The birds exalt their cheerful voice,
And gay on every bough rejoice.
The lovely Graces, hand in hand,
Knit in Love's eternal band,
With dancing step, at early dawn,
Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn ;
Where'er the youthful Sisters move,
They fire the soul to genial love.
Now, by the river's painted side,
The swain delights his country-bride :
While, pleas'd, she hears his artless vows,
Above the feather'd songster wooes.
Soon will the ripen'd summer yield
Her various gifts to ev'ry field ;
Soon fruitful trees, a beauteous show,
With ruby-tinctur'd births shall glow ;

Sweet smells, from beds of lilies born,
Perfume the breezes of the morn.
The sunny day, and dewy night,
To rural play my Fair invite ;
Soft on a bank of violets laid,
Cool she enjoys the evening-shade ;
The sweets of summer feast her eye :
Yet soon, ah ! soon will Summer fly.

Attend, my lovely Maid, and know
To profit by the moral show ;
Now young and blooming thou art seen,
Fresh on the stalk of vivid green ;
Now does th' unfolded bud disclose
Full blown to sight the blushing rose :
Yet, once the sunny season past,
Think not the coz'ning scene will last ;
Let not the flatt'rer Hope persuade :
Ah ! must I say that this will fade ?

For see the Summer posts away,
Sad emblem of our own decay !
Now Winter, from the frozen North,
Drives his iron chariot forth ;
His grisly hand in icy chains
Fair Tweda's silver flood constrains :
Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the tops of Yare !
Behold his footsteps dire are seen
Confest on many a with'ring green.
Griev'd at the sight, when thou shalt see,
A snowy wreath clothe ev'ry tree,

Frequenting now the stream no more,
Thou fly'st, displeas'd, the barren shore.
When thou shalt miss the flow'r's that grew
But late to charm thy ravish'd view,
Shall I, ah horrid! wilt thou say,
Be like to this another day?

Yet, when in snow and dreary frost
The pleasure of the field is lost,
To blazing hearths at home we run,
And fires supply the distant Sun,
In gay delights our hours employ,
We do not lose, but change our joy;
Happy, abandon ev'ry care,
To lead the dance, to court the fair,
To turn the page of ancient Bards,
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
But when the beauteous white and red
From the pale ashy cheek is fled;
When wrinkles dire, and Age severe,
Make Beauty fly we know not where:
The fair, whom Fates unkind disarm,
Have they for ever ceas'd to charm?
Or is there left some pleasing art,
To keep secure a captive heart?

Unhappy love! might lovers say,
Beauty, thy food doth swift decay;
When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,
What Art thy famine can prevent?
Virtues prepare with early care,
That Love may live on Wisdom's fare;

Tho' ecstasy with beauty flies,
Esteem is born when beauty dies.
Happy to whom the Fates decree
The gift of heav'n in giving thee:
Thy beauty shall his youth engage;
Thy virtue shall delight his age.

G
Sprin

ODE XVII.

WRITTEN

IN SPRING.

AND SENT TO HIS GRACE

DR. THOMAS HERRING,

Archbishop of Canterbury.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS FAWKES, M.A.

BRIGHT God of day, whose genial power
Revives the buried seed,
That spreads with foliage every bower,
With verdure every mead,
Bid all thy vernal breezes fly
Diffusing mildness through the sky ;
Give the soft season to our drooping plains,
Sprinkled with rosy dews and salutary rains.

Enough has Winter's hand severe
Hurl'd all his terrors round,
Chill'd the fair dawning of the year,
And whiten'd all the ground :

Give but thy vital beams to play,
The frozen scenes will melt away ;
And, mix'd in sprightly dance, the blooming Hours
Will wake the drowsy Spring, and Spring awake the
flowers.

Let Health, gay daughter of the skies,
On Zephyr's wings descend,
And scatter pleasures as she flies
Where Surrey's downs extend ;
There HERRING woos her friendly power,
There may she all her roses shower,
To heal that shepherd all her balms employ !
So will she sooth our fears, and give a nation joy.

Ah me ! that Virtue's godlike friends
So soon are claim'd by Fate !
Lo PELHAM to the grave descends,
The bulwark of the state :
When will fair Truth his equal find
Among the best of human kind ?
Long be the fatal day with mourning kept !
AUGUSTUS sigh'd sincere, and all the worthy wept !

Thy delegate, kind heaven, restore
To health, and safely keep ;
Let good **AUGUSTUS** sigh no more,
No more the worthy weep :

And still upon the royal head
The riches of thy blessings shed ;
Establish'd with his counsellors around,
Long be his prosp'rous reign, and all with glory
crown'd.

ODE XVIII.

TO
SPRING.

BY MISS FERRER
OF HUNTINGDON,

SINCE MARRIED TO THE REV. DR. PECKARD,
Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge.

HAIL, genial Goddess, blooming Spring !
Thy blest return, O let me sing,
And aid my languid lays :
Let me not sink in sloth supine
While all creation at thy shrine
Its annual tribute pays.

Escap'd from Winter's freezing power,
Each blossom greets thee, and each flower ;
And foremost of the train,
By Nature (artless handmaid !) drest,
The snow-drop comes in lily'd vest,
Prophetic of thy reign.

The lark now strains his warbling throat,
While every loud and sprightly note

Calls Echo from her cell.
Be warn'd, ye fair, that listen round,
A beauteous maid became a sound,
A maid who lov'd too well.

The bright-hair'd sun with warmth benign
Bids tree, and shrub, and swelling vine
Their infant-buds display :
Again the streams refresh the plains,
Which Winter bounds in icy chains,
And sparkling bless his ray.

Life-giving Zephyrs breathe around,
And instant glows th' enamel'd ground
With Nature's vary'd hues :
Not so returns our youth decay'd,
Alas ! nor air, nor sun, nor shade,
The spring of life renewes.

The sun's too quick-revolving beam
Will soon dissolve the human dream,
And bring th' appointed hour :
Too late we catch his parting ray,
And mourn the idly-wasted day
No longer in our power.

Then happiest he, whose lengthen'd sight
Pursues, by virtue's constant light,

A hope beyond the skies :
Where frowning Winter ne'er shall come,
But rosy Spring for ever bloom,
And suns eternal rise.

ODE XIX.

ON
THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING.

ADDRESSED
TO A LADY IN LONDON.

BY MISS CARTER.

WHILE soft through water, earth, and air,
The vernal spirits rove,
From noisy joys, and giddy crowds
To rural scenes remove.

The mountain snows are all dissolv'd,
And hush'd the blust'ring gale,
While fragrant Zephyrs gently breathe
Along the flowery vale.

The circling planets' constant rounds
The wintry wastes repair,
And still from temporary death
Renew the verdant year.

But ah ! when once our transient bloom,
The spring of life, is o'er,
That rosy season takes its flight,
And must return no more.

Yet judge by Reason's sober rules,
From false Opinion free,
And mark how little pilfering years
Can steal from you or me.

Each moral pleasure of the heart,
Each smiling charm of truth,
Depends not on the giddy aid
Of wild inconstant youth.

The vain coquet, whose empty pride
A fading face supplies,
May justly dread the wintry gloom
Where all its glory dies.

Leave such a ruin to deplore
To fading forms confin'd ;
Nor age, nor wrinkles, discompose
One feature of the mind.

Amidst the universal change,
Unconscious of decay,
It views unmov'd the scythe of Time
Sweep all besides away.

Fix'd on its own eternal frame
Eternal are its joys,
While, borne on transitory wings,
Each mortal pleasure flies.

While ev'ry short-liv'd flower of sense
Destructive years consume,
Through friendship's fair enchanting walks
Unfading myrtles bloom.

Nor with the narrow bounds of time
The beauteous prospect ends,
But lengthen'd through the vale of death
To Paradise extends.

ODE XX.

TO
MAY.

BY MISS WHATELY,

Afterward Mrs. Darwell.

FAIREST daughter of the year,
Ever blooming, lovely May ;
While thy vivid skies appear,
Nature smiles and all is gay.

Thine the flowery-painted mead,
Pasture fair, and mountain green ;
Thine, with infant-harvest spread,
Laughing lies the lowland scene.

Friend of thine, the shepherd plays
Blithsome near the yellow broom,
While his flock, that careless strays,
Seeks the wild-thyme's sweet perfume.

May, with thee I mean to rove
O'er these lawns and vallies fair,
Tune my gentle lyre to love,
Cherish hope, and soften care.

Round me shall the village swains,
Shall the rosy nymphs appear:
While I sing, in rural strains,
May, to shepherds ever dear.

I had never skill to raise
Paeans from the vocal strings,
To the god-like Hero's praise,
To the pageant pomp of Kings.

Stranger to the hostile plains,
Where the brazen trumpet sound ;
Life's purple stream the verdure stains,
And heaps promiscuous press the ground :

Where the murderous cannon's breath
Fate denounces from afar,
And the loud report of death
Stuns the cruel ear of war.

Stranger to the park and play,
Birth-night balls, and courtly trains ;
Thee I woo, my gentle May,
Tune for thee my native strains.

Blooming groves, and wandering rills,
Sooth thy vacant poet's dreams,
Vocal woods, and wilds, and hills,
All her unexalted themes.

ODE XXI.

THE *MIDSUMMER WISH.*

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

O PHOEBUS! down the western sky
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle Eve, the friend of Care,
Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet Nature spreads ;
Where the green bower, with roses crown'd,
In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let music die along the grove ;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every strain be tun'd to Love.

Come, **STELLA**, queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vast desires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

While, all my wish and thine complete,
By turns we languish, and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
Our murmurs murmuring brooks return.

Let me, when Nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretel,
Sink on the down of **STELLA's** breast,
And bid the waking world farewell.

Ode

ODE XXII.

AUTUMN.

By the Same.

ALAS! with swift and silent pace
Impatient Time rolls on the year,
The Seasons change, and Nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow,
The flowers of Spring are swept away,
And Summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the western breeze,
Now trod in dust, neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As russet heaths are wild and bare ;
Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain ;
Nor Health, nor Pleasure, wanders there.

No more, while thro' the midnight shade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars,
O! would some God but wings supply!
To where each morn the Spring restores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wish! me Fate compels to bear
The downward Season's iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail,
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phoebus fail?

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet
To cheer me in the darkening hour?
The Grape remains! the friend of Wit,
In Love and Mirth of mighty power.

Haste, press the clusters, fill the bowl—
Apollo! shoot thy parting ray;
This gives the sunshine of the soul,
This, God of Health, and Verse, and Day.

Still, still, the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
My **STELLA** with new charms shall glow,
And every bliss in wine shall meet.

ODE XXIII.

WRITTEN
IN AUTUMN.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

YET once more, glorious God of day,
While beams thine orb serene,
O let me warbling court thy stay,
To gild the fading scene !
Thy rays invigorate the Spring,
Bright Summer to perfection bring,
The cold, inclement days of Winter cheer,
And make th' Autumnal months the mildest of the year.

Ere yet the russet foliage fall,
I'll climb the mountain's brow,
My friend, my Hayman, at thy call,
To view the scene below :
How sweetly pleasing to behold
Forests of vegetable gold !
How mix'd the many chequer'd shades between
The tawny mellowing hue, and the gay vivid green !

How splendid all the sky ! how still !
How mild the dying gale !
How soft the whispers of the rill
That winds along the dale !

So tranquil Nature's works appear,
It seems the Sabbath of the year ;
As if, the Summer's Labour past, she chose
This season's sober calm for blandishing repose.

Such is, of well-spent life the time,
When busy days are past,
Man, verging gradual from his prime,
Meets sacred peace at last :
His flowery Spring of pleasures o'er,
And Summer's full-blown pride no more,
He gains pacific Autumn, meek and bland,
And dauntless braves the stroke of Winter's palsy'd
hand.

For yet a while, a little while,
Involv'd in wintry gloom,
And lo ! another Spring shall smile,
A Spring eternal bloom ;
Then shall he shine, a glorious guest,
In the bright mansions of the blest,
Where due rewards on Virtue are bestow'd,
And reap the golden fruits of what his Autumn sow'd.

ODE XXIV.

ON *AUTUMN.*

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCCLXI.

BY MR. C.

ADIEU the pleasing rural scene,
Sequester'd shades and meadows green,
The field thick spread with sheaves of corn,
The walk at early hour of morn.

No linnet's salutary song
Soft echoes now the sprays among :
No nightingale's more plaintive strain
Soothes the lone peasant on the plain.

The vales their cheerful green resign,
And on their stems the flowers decline :
No more we wish to pass the hour
Where elms and lilacs form a bower.

And see the swallows leave their home,
To distant, warmer climes they roam ;
Where zephyrs cool, and grateful showers,
Still wake the fair autumnal flowers.

How fade the glories of the year !
They bloom awhile and disappear,
And, melancholy truth, fond man !
Thy life's a flower, thy day's a span.

Parent of all ! tremendous Power !
Whom every realm and tongue adore,
Whose mandate form'd earth's spacious plain,
And the immeasurable main ;

Prostrate before thy throne we bow,
Author of circling seasons Thou !
O hasten happier days, and bring
One Glorious, One Eternal Spring.

ODE XXV.

WINTER.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

No more the morn with tepid rays
Unfolds the flower of various hue ;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
Usurping Darkness shares the day,
Her mists restrain the force of light,
And Phoebus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles thro' the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain ;
No more with devious steps I rove
Thro' verdant paths now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend ;
Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me **STELLA**, and a friend.

In Nature's aid let Art supply
With light and heat my little sphere ;
Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high,
Light up a constellation here.

Let Music sound the voice of joy !
Or Mirth repeat the jocund tale ;
Let Love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the Season Wine prevail.

Yet Time Life's dreary Winter brings,
When Mirth's gay tale shall please no more,
Nor Music charm, tho' **STELLA** sings,
Nor Love nor Wine the Spring restore.

Catch then, O ! catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies ;
Life's a short Summer, man a flower,
He dies ! alas ! how soon he dies !

ODE XXVI.

THE WINTER's WALK.

By the Same.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise ;
The naked hill, the leafless grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning skies !

Not only through the wasted plain,
Stern Winter, is thy force confess'd ;
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening Hope and fond desire
Resign the heart to Spleen and Care ;
Scarce frightened Love maintains her fire,
And Rapture saddens to Despair.

In groundless hope, and causeless fear
Unhappy man ! behold thy doom,
Still changing with the changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
With mental and corporeal strife ;
Snatch me, my STELLA, to thy arms,
And screen me from the ills of Life.

ODE XXVII.

TO

MORNING.

BY MISS PENNINGTON.

HAIL, roseate Morn! returning light!
To thee the sable Queen of Night
Reluctant yields her sway;
And, as she quits the dappled skies,
On glories greater glories rise,
To greet the dawning day.

O'er tufted meads gay Flora trips;
Arabia's spices scent her lips;
Her head with rose-buds crown'd;
Mild Zephyr hastens to snatch a kiss,
And, fluttering with the transient bliss,
Wafts fragrance all around.

The dew-drops, daughters of the Morn,
With spangles every bush adorn,
And all the broider'd vales;
Their voice to thee the linnets raise,
The lark, soft-trilling in thy praise,
Aurora, rising, hails!

While Nature now, in lively vest
Of glossy green, has gaily drest
Each tributary plain;
While blooming flowers and blossom'd trees,
Soft-waving with the vernal breeze,
Exult beneath thy reign!

Shall I, with drowsy poppies crown'd,
By sleep in silken fetters bound,
The downy God obey?
Ah, no!—Through yon embowering grove,
Or winding valley, let me rove,
And own thy cheerful sway!

For short-liv'd are thy pleasing powers;
Pass but a few uncertain hours,
And we no more shall trace
Thy dimpled cheek and brow serene;
Or clouds may gloom the smiling scene,
And frowns deform thy face.

So in life's youthful bloomy prime,
We sport away the fleeting time,
Regardless of our fate;
But, by some unexpected blow,
Our giddy follies we shall know,
And mourn them when too late!

ODE XXVIII.

TO

MORNING.

THE sprightly messenger of day
To Heaven ascending tunes the lay
That wakes the blushing morn :
Cheer'd with th' inspiring notes, I rise
And hail the power whose glad supplies
Th' enliven'd plains adorn.

Far hence retire, O Night ! thy praise,
Majestic queen ! in nobler lays
Already has been sung :
When thine own spheres expire, thy name,
Secure from time, shall rise in fame,
Immortaliz'd by Young.

See, while I speak, Aurora sheds
Her early honours o'er the meads,
The springing valleys smile ;
With cheerful heart the village-swain
Renews the labours of the plain,
And meets the accustom'd toil.

Day's monarch comes to bless the year,
Wing'd zephyrs wanton round his car,
 Along th' aethereal road ;
Plenty and Health attend his beams,
And Truth, divinely bright, proclaims
 The visit of the God.

Aw'd by the view, my soul reveres
The Great FIRST CAUSE that bade the spheres
 In tuneful order move ;
Thine is the sable-mantled Night,
Unseen Almighty ! and the Light
 The radiance of thy love.

Hark ! the awaken'd grove repays
With melody the genial rays,
 And Echo spreads the strain ;
The streams in grateful murmurs run,
The bleating flocks salute the sun,
 And music glads the plain.

While Nature thus her charms displays,
Let me enjoy the fragrant breeze
 The opening flowers diffuse ;
Temp'rance and Innocence attend,
These are your haunts, your influence lend,
 Associates of the Muse !

Riot, and Guilt, and wasting Care,
And fell Revenge, and black Despair,

Avoid the Morning's light :
Nor beams the sun, nor blooms the rose,
Their restless passions to compose,
Who Virtue's dictates flight.

Along the mead, and in the wood,
And on the margin of the flood
The Goddess walks confest :
She gives the landscape power to charm,
The sun his genial heat to warm
The wise and generous breast.

Happy the man ! whose tranquil mind
Sees Nature in her changes kind,
And pleas'd the whole surveys ;
For him the morn benignly smiles,
And evening shades reward the toils
That measure out his days.

The varying year may shift the scene,
The sounding tempest lash the main,
And Heaven's own thunders roll ;
Calmly he views the bursting storm,
Tempests nor thunder can deform
The morning of his soul.

ODE XXIX.

EVENING.

TO

STELLA.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

EVENING now, from purple wings,
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings ;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed ;
Shake the reed, and curl the stream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam ;
Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
Hears and keeps thy secrets, Love.

STELLA, thither let us stray !
Lightly o'er the dewy way,
Phoebus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely STELLA, far ;
In his stead, the Queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light ;
Light, that serves but just to shew
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow ;
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ,

Silence best and conscious shades
Please the hearts that Love invades ;
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but Love disdain.

ODE XXX.

TO

EVENING.

BY JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

HAIL meek-ey'd Maiden, clad in sober grey,
Whose soft approach the wary woodman loves,
As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,
He jocund whistles thro' the twilight groves.

When Phoebus sinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk,
The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dews,
And nurse the nodding vi'let's tender stalk :

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat,
To inmost bowers and cooling caverns ran,
Return to trip in wanton evening-dance,
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
Light skims the swallow o'er the wat'ry scene,
And from the sheep-cotes, and fresh-furrow'd field,
Stout plowmen meet to wrestle on the green.

The swain that artless sings on yonder rock,
His nibbling sheep, and lengthened shadow spies,
Pleas'd with the cool, the calm, respectful hour,
And with hoarse hummings of unnumber'd flies.

Now ev'ry passion sleeps ; desponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride ;
An holy calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger and mad Ambition's storms subside.

O modest Evening, oft let me appear
A wandering votary in the pensive train,
List'ning to every wildly-warbling throat
That fills with farewell notes the dark'ning plain.

ODE XXXI.

TO

NIGHT.

BY MR. PARROT.

THE busy cares of day are done ;
In yonder western cloud the sun
Now sets, in other worlds to rise,
And glad with light the nether skies.
With ling'ring pace the parting day retires,
And slowly leaves the mountain tops, and gilded spires.

Yon azure cloud, enrob'd with white,
Still shoots a gleam of fainter light :
At length descends a browner shade :
At length the glimm'ring objects fade :
'Till all submit to NIGHT's impartial reign,
And undistinguish'd darkness covers all the plain.

No more the ivy-crowned oak
Resounds beneath the woodman's stroke.
Now Silence holds her solemn sway ;
Mute is each bush, and every spray ;
Nought but the sound of murmur'ring rills is heard,
Or, from the mould'ring tow'r, NIGHT's solitary bird.

Hail, sacred hour of peaceful rest !
 Of pow'r to charm the troubled breast !
 By thee the captive slave obtains
 Short respite from his galling pains ;
 Nor sighs for liberty, nor native soil ;
 But for a while forgets his chains, and sultry toil.

No horrors hast thou in thy train,
 No scorpion lash, no clanking chain.
 When the pale murd'rer round him spies
 A thousand grisly forms arise,
 When shrieks and groans arouse his palsy'd fear,
 'Tis guilt alarms his soul, and conscience wounds his ear.

The village swain whom Phillis charms,
 Whose breast the tender passion warms,
 Wishes for thy all-shadowing veil,
 To tell the fair his love-sick tale :
 Nor less impatient of the tedious day,
 She longs to hear his tale, and sigh her soul away.

Oft by the covert of thy shade
 LEANDER woo'd the THRACIAN maid ;
 Through foaming seas his passion bore,
 Nor fear'd the ocean's thund'ring roar.
 The conscious virgin from the sea-girt tow'r
 Hung out the faithful torch, to guide him to her bow'r.

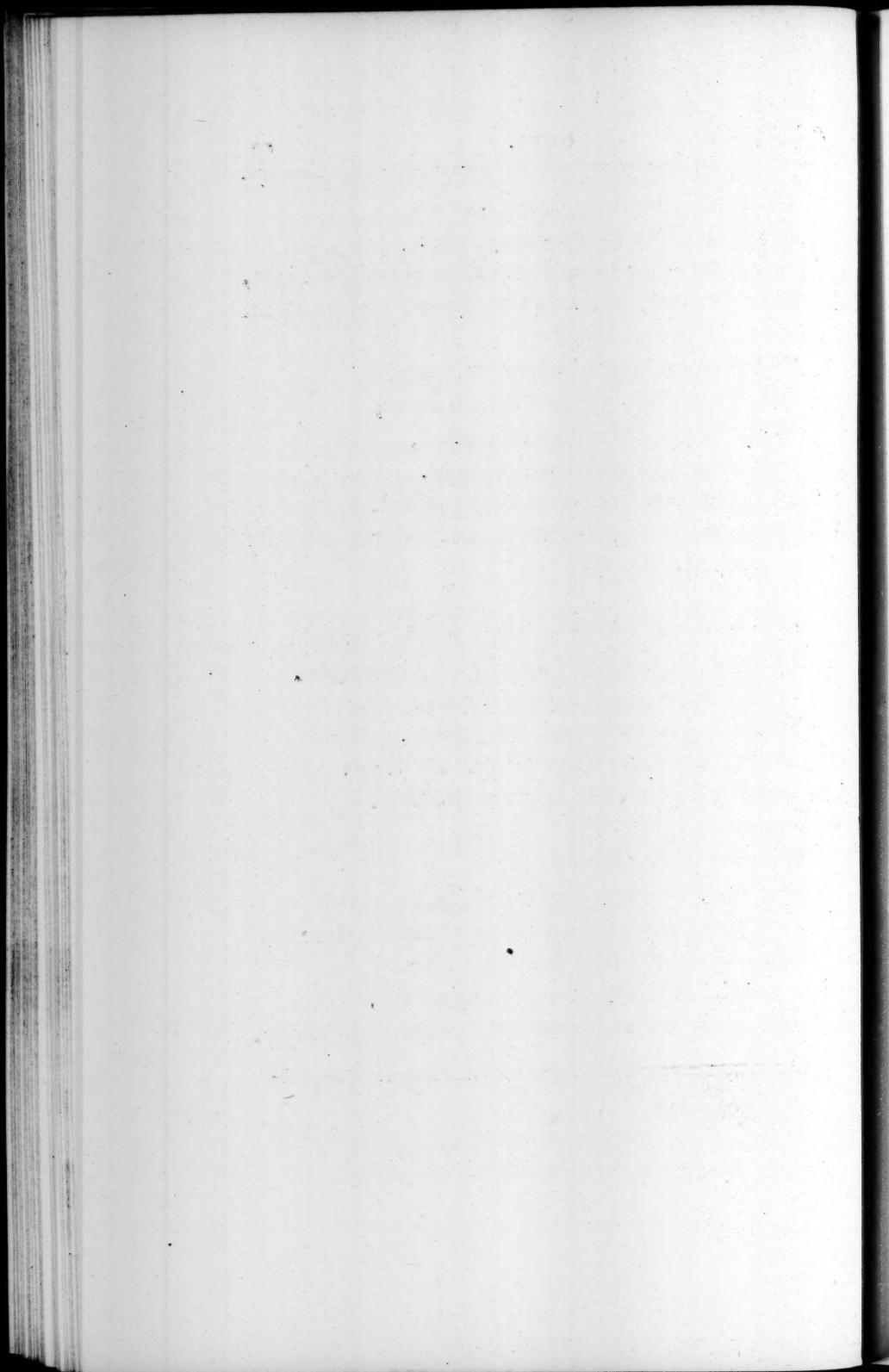
Oft at thy silent hour the sage
 Pores on the fair instructive page ;

Or, rapt in musings deep, his soul
Mounts active to the starry pole :
There, pleas'd to range the realms of endless night,
Numbers the stars, or marks the comet's devious light.

Thine is the hour of converse sweet,
When sprightly wit and reason meet ;
Wit, the fair blossom of the mind,
But fairer still with reason join'd.
Such is the feast thy social hours afford,
When eloquence and GRANVILLE join the friendly
board.

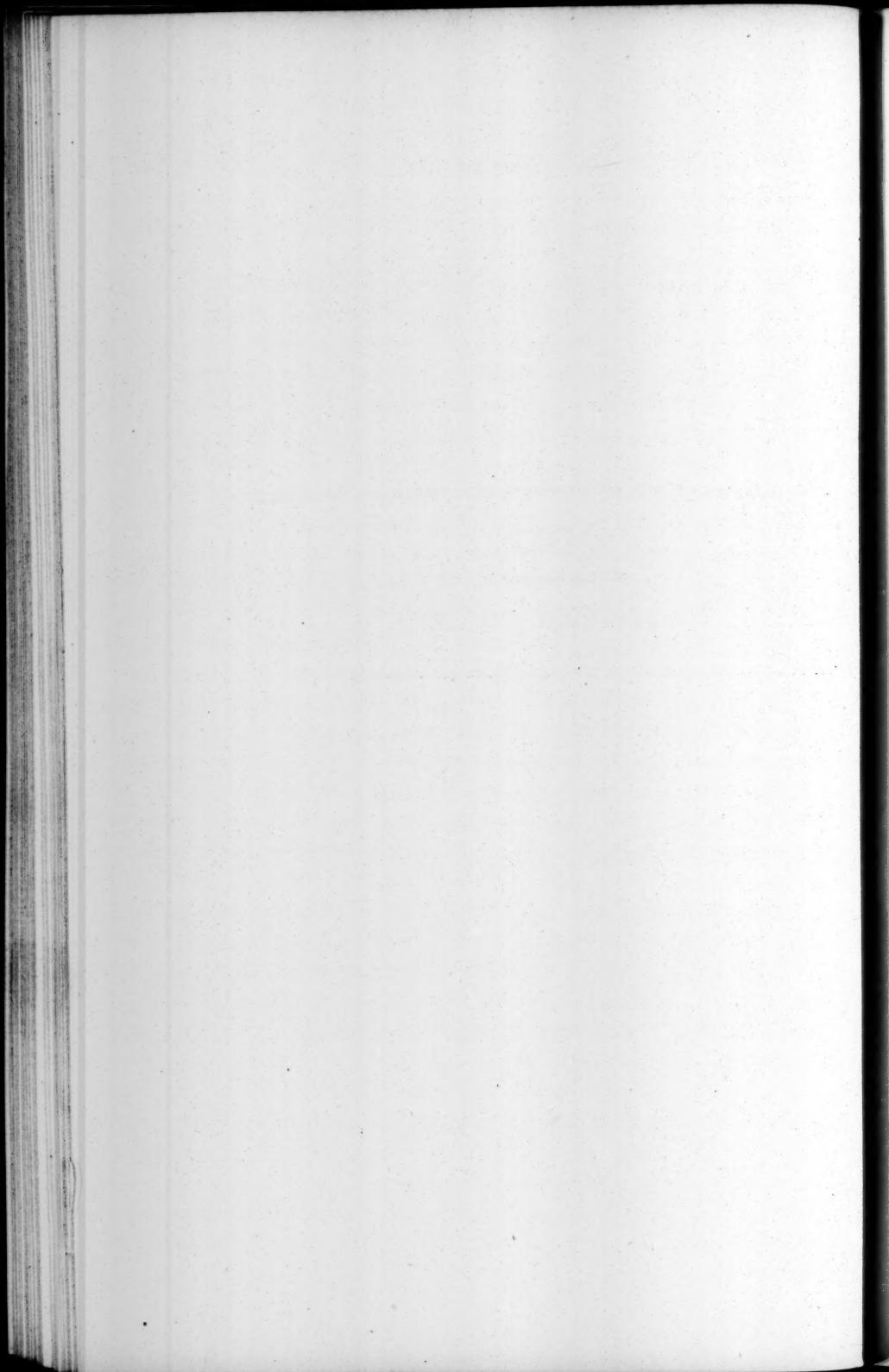
GRANVILLE, whose polish'd mind is fraught
With all that ROME or GREECE e'er taught ;
Who pleases and instructs the ear,
When he assumes the critic's chair,
Or from the STAGYRITE OR PLATO draws
The arts of civil life, the spirit of the laws.

O let me often thus employ
The hour of mirth and social joy !
And glean from GRANVILLE's learned store
Fair science and true wisdom's lore.
Then will I still implore thy longer stay,
Nor change thy festive hours for sunshine and the day.



ODES.

CLASS THE FOURTH.



ODES.

CLASS THE FOURTH.

ODE I.

THE REVENGE OF AMERICA.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

WHEN fierce PISARRO's legions flew
O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,
Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
Old India's awful Genius rose.
He sat on Andes' topmost stone,
And heard a thousand nations groan ;
For grief his feathery crown he tore,
To see huge PLATA foam with gore ;
He broke his arrows, stampt the ground,
To view his cities smoking round.

What woes, he cry'd, hath lust of gold
O'er my poor country widely roll'd!
Plunderers, proceed ! my bowels tear,
But ye shall meet destruction there ;
From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise
Th' insatiate fiend, pale Av'rice !

Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,
Peace, Order, Law, and Amity!
I see all Europe's children curst
With lucre's universal thirst:
The rage that sweeps my sons away,
My baneful gold shall well repay.

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ODE II.

MONA.

BY THE REV. R. POLWHELE.

"**S**HROUD—in the billowy mist's deep-bosom shroud
" My ravish'd isle!"—the voice was vain!

Mona! mark yon kindling cloud

That seems to fire the main :

As flashing to th' incumbent skies,
Broad the hostile flames arise
From the reverential wood ;
Red its central gloom with blood !
Many a white-rob'd Druid hoar
Totters in the stream of gore ;
Meets the falchion's furious blow ;
Sinking, execrates the foe !
Or, across the Cromleh's stone,
Struggling, gives to Death a groan !
Or, within the circling fane,
Pours his dark mysterious strain ;
Or grasps his shrine, and hails the stroke,
Stabb'd beneath his holy oak !
Yelling while the maniac maid
Hurries down the dimwood glade ;

And uproots her bristling hair,
Paler amid the ghastly glare !

But lo ! the scenes of other days are fled !

Yet mysterious horror fills
The long scoop'd dales where Druids bled,
And deepens the dark hills !

Through the tree-tufted rock, that wide
Opes, as rent, its chasmy side,
Ivied ruins gleaming-grey,
Mar the torrent's foamy way !
There the enthusiast loves to dwell,
Lost in the romantic dell ;
Tracing temples, abbey-walls,
Shiver'd arches, castle-halls :
Whether the sun dart his light
'Mid the branches mossy-white ;
Or the star of eve, aslaunt,
Glimmer on the spectre haunt ;
Oft as the moon light echoes round
Add their store of mellow sound
To the crash of tumbling heaps
That o'erbrow'd the craggy steeps,
To each murmur of the cave,
Fretted by many a restless wave !

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ODE III.

ON THE
POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS
OF THE
HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND;

CONSIDERED AS THE
SUBJECT OF POETRY.

INSCRIBED TO
MR. JOHN HOME.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

HOME, thou return'st from *Thames*, whose Naiads long
Have seen thee ling'ring with a fond delay,
Mid those soft Friends, whose hearts some future day
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song.
Go, not unmindful of that cordial Youth
Whom, long endear'd, thou leav'st by *Lavant's* side;
Together let us wish him lasting truth,
And joy untainted with his destin'd bride.
Go! nor regardless, while these numbers boast
My short-liv'd bliss, forget my social name;
But think, far off, how, on the Southern coast,
I met thy friendship with an equal flame!

Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where every vale
 Shall prompt the Poet, and his song demand :
To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail ;
 Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,
 And paint what all believe, who own thy genial land.

There, must thou wake perforce thy *Doric* quill ;
 'Tis Fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet ;
 Where still, 'tis said, the Fairy people meet,
 Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill.
 There, each trim lass, that skims the milky store,
 To the swart tribes their creamy bowl allots ;
 By night they sip it round the cottage-door,
 While airy minstrels warble jocund notes,
 There, ev'ry herd, by sad experience, knows
 How, wing'd with Fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,
 When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,
 Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie.
 Such airy beings awe th' untutor'd swain :
 Nor thou, tho' learn'd, his homelier thoughts neglec't ;
 Let thy sweet Muse the rural faith sustain ;
 These are the themes of simple, sure effect,
 That add new conquest to her boundless reign,
 And fill, with double force, her heart-commanding
 strain.

Ev'n yet preserv'd, how often may'st thou hear,
 Where to the pole the *Boreal* mountains run,
 Taught by the father, to his list'ning son ;
 Strange lays, whose pow'r had charm'd a SPENSER's ear.

At every pause, before thy mind possest,
Old *Runic* Bards shall seem to rise around,
With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd vest,
Their matted hair with boughs fantastic crown'd :
Whether thou bid'st the well-taught hind repeat
The choral dirge, that mourns some chieftain brave,
When ev'ry shrieking maid her bosom beat,
And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented grave ;
Or whether, sitting in the shepherd's shiel,
Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's alarms ;
When at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,
The sturdy clans pour'd forth their brawny swarms,
And hostile brothers met, to prove each others arms.

'Tis thine to sing, how, framing hideous spells,
In *Sky*'s lone isle, the gifted wizard-seer,
Lodg'd in the wintry cave with Fate's fell spear ;
Or in the depth of *Uist*'s dark forest dwells :
How they, whose sight such dreary dreams engross,
With their own vision oft astonish'd droop,
When, o'er the wat'ry strath, or quaggy moss,
They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop.
Or, if in sports, or on the festive green,
Their destin'd glance some fated youth descry,
Who now, perhaps, in lusty vigor seen,
And rosy health shall soon lamented die.
For them the viewless Forms of air obey,
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair ;
They know what Spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless, oft like moody Madness, stare
To see the phantom Train their secret work prepare.

To Monarchs dear, some hundred miles astray,
 Oft have they seen Fate give the fatal blow !
 The seer, in *Sky*, shriek'd as the blood did flow,
 When headless *Charles* warm on the scaffold lay !
 As *Boreas* threw his *young Aurora* forth,
 In the first year of the first *George's* reign,
 And battles rag'd in welkin of the North,
 They mourn'd in air, fell, fell Rebellion, slain !
 And as, of late, they joy'd in *Preston's* fight,
 Saw, at sad *Falkirk*, all their hopes near crown'd !
 They rav'd ! divining, thro' their *Second Sight*,
 Pale, red *Culloden*, where these hopes were drown'd !
 Illustrious *William* ! *Britain's* guardian name !
 One *William* sav'd us from a tyrant's stroke ;
 He, for a sceptre, gain'd heroic fame,
 But thou, more glorious, Slavery's chain hast broke,
 To reign a private man, and bow to Freedom's yoke !

These, too, thou'l sing ! for well thy magic Muse
 Can to the topmost heav'n of grandeur soar !
 Or stoop to wail the swain that is no more !
 Ah, homely swains ! your homeward steps ne'er lose ;
 Let not dank *Will* mislead you to the heath :
 Dancing in mirky night, o'er fen and lake,
 He glows, to draw you downward to your death,
 In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow brake !
 What though far off, from some dark dell espied,
 His glimm'ring mazes cheer th' excursive sight,
 Yet turn, ye wand'rers, turn your steps aside,
 Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light ;

For watchful, lurking, 'mid th' unrustling reed,
At those mirk hours the wily monster lies,
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch sur-
prise.

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest, indeed !
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
Far from his flocks, and smoking hamlet, then !
To that sad spot where hums the sedgy weed :
On him, enrag'd, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return !
Or, if he meditate his wish'd escape,
To some dim hill that seems uprising near,
To his faint eye, the grim and grisly shape,
In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.
Meantime the wat'ry surge shall round him rise,
Pour'd sudden forth from ev'ry swelling source !
What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs ?
His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthful force,
And down the waves he floats a pale and breathless
corse !

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way ;
For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
His babes shall linger at th' unclosing gate !

Ah, ne'er shall he return ! Alone, if night,
Her travell'd limbs in broken slumbers steep !
With drooping willows drest, his mournful sprite
Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep :
Then he, perhaps, with moist and wat'ry hand,
Shall fondly seem to press her shudd'ring cheek,
And with his blue-swoln face before her stand,
And, shiv'ring cold, these piteous accents speak :
‘ Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils, pursue,
‘ At dawn or dusk, industrious as before ;
‘ Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
‘ While I lie welt'ring on the ozier'd shore,
‘ Drown'd by the *Kelpie's* wrath, nor e'er shall aid thee
more !’

Unbounded is thy range ; with varied skill
Thy Muse may, like those feath'ry tribes which
spring
From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
To that hoar pile which still its ruin shows :
In whose small vaults a pigmy-folk is found,
Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And cullst them, wond'ring, from the hallow'd ground !
Or thither, where beneath the showery west,
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid :
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
No slaves revere them, and no wars invade :
Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn hour,

The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the Monarchs stalk with sov'reign pow'r,
In pageant robes ; and, wreath'd with sheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold.

But, oh, o'er all, forget not *Kilda's* race,
On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting tides,
Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
Gol just, as they, their blameless manners trace !
Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their prospect but the wintry main.
With sparing temp'rance at the needful time,
They drain the scented spring ; or, hunger-prest,
Along th' *Atlantic* rock, undreading, climb,
And of its eggs despoil the *Solan's* nest.
Thus, blest in primal innocence they live,
Suffic'd and happy with that frugal fare
Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.
Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare ;
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there !

Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes engage
Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possest ;
For not alone they touch'd the village breast,
But fill'd in elder time th' historic page,
There, SHAKSPERE's self, with ev'ry garland crown'd,
Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
In musing hour ; his weird sisters found,
And with their terrors drest the magic scene.

From them he sung, when, 'mid his bold design,
Before the *Scot*, afflicted, and aghast !
The shadowy kings of *Banquo's* fated line,
Thro' the dark cave in gleamy pageant past.
Proceed ! nor quit the tales which, simply told,
Could once so well my answ'ring bosom pierce ;
Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colour bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearse ;
To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy pow'rful verse.

In scenes like these, which daring to depart
From sober Truth, are still to Nature true,
And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view,
Th' heroic Muse employ'd her *Tasso's* art !
How have I trembl'd, when, at *Tancred's* stroke,
Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd !
When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
And the wild blast upheav'd the vanish'd sword !
How have I sat, when pip'd the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British FAIRFAX strung !
Prevailing Poet ! whose undoubting mind,
Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung !
Hence, at each sound, imagination glows !
Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here !
Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows !
Melting it flows, pure, murmur-ring, strong and clear,
And fills th' impassion'd heart, and wins th' harmonious ear !

All hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail !
Ye splendid friths and lakes, which, far away,

Are by smooth *Annan* fill'd, or pastoral *Tay*,
Or *Don*'s romantic springs, at distance, hail!
The time shall come, when I, perhaps, may tread
Your lowly glens, o'erhung with spreading broom;
Or o'er your stretching heaths, by Fancy led;
Or o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom!
Then will I dress once more the faded bow'r,
Where *Jonson* sat in *Drummond*'s classic shade;
Or crop, from *Tiviotdale*, each lyric flow'r,
And mourn, on *Yarrow*'s banks, where *Willy*'s laid!
Meantime, ye Pow'rs that on the plains which bore
The cordial youth, on *Lothian*'s plains, attend! —
Where'er HOME dwells, on hill, or lowly moor,
To him I lose, your kind protection lend,
And, touch'd with love like mine, preserve my absent
friend!

ODE IV.

TO

THE TIBER.

WRITTEN ABROAD,

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

On entering the Campania of Rome, at Otricoli, 1755.

HAIL, sacred Stream, whose waters roll
Immortal through the classic page!
To Thee, the Muse-devoted soul,
Though destin'd to a later age
And less indulgent clime, to Thee,
Nor thou disdain, in runic lays,
Weak mimic of true harmony,
His grateful homage pays.
Far other strains thine elder ear
With pleas'd attention wont to hear,
When he, who strung the Latian lyre,
And he, who led th' Aonian quire
From Mantua's reedy lakes with osier's crown'd,
Taught Echo from thy banks with transport to resound.
Thy banks?—alas! is this the boasted scene,
This dreary, wide, uncultivated plain,
Where sick'ning Nature wears a fainter green,
And Desolation spreads her torpid reign?

Is this the scene where Freedom breath'd,
Her copious horn where Plenty wreath'd,
And Health at opening day
Bade all her roseate breezes fly,
To wake the sons of Industry,
And make their fields more gay?

Where is the villa's rural pride,
The swelling dome's imperial gleam,
Which lov'd to grace the verdant side,
And tremble in thy golden stream?
Where are the bold, the busy throngs,
That rush'd impatient to the war,
Or tun'd to peace triumphal songs,
And hail'd the passing car?
Along the solitary road,
The eternal flint by Consuls trod,
We muse, and mark the sad decays
Of mighty works, and mighty days.
For these vile wastes, we cry, had Fate decreed
That Veii's sons should strive, for these Camillus bleed?
Did here, in after-times of Roman pride,
The musing shepherd from Soracte's height
See towns extend where'er thy waters glide,
And temples rise, and peopled farms unite?
They did. For this deserted plain
The Hero strove, nor strove in vain;
And here the shepherd saw

Unnumber'd towns and temples sprea,d
While Rome majestic rear'd her head,
And gave the nations law.

Yes, Thou and Latium once were great,
And still, ye first of human things,
Beyond the grasp of time or fate
Her fame and thine triumphant springs.

What though the mould'ring columns fall,
And strow the desert earth beneath,
Though ivy round each nodding wall
Entwine its fatal wreath,

Yet say, can Rhine or Danube boast
The numerous glories thou hast lost ?
Can ev'n Euphrates' palmy shore,
Or Nile, with all his mystic lore,

Produce from old records of genuine fame
Such heroes, poets, kings, or emulate thy name ?
Ev'n now the Muse, the conscious Muse is here;

From every ruin's formidable shade
Eternal Music breathes on Fancy's ear,
And wakes to more than form th' illustrious dead.
Thy Cæsars, Scipios, Catos rise,
The great, the virtuous, and the wise,
In solemn state advance !
They fix the philosophic eye,
Or trail the robe, or lift on high
The lightning of the lance.

But chief that humbler happier train
Who knew those virtues to reward

Beyond the reach of chance or pain
Secure, th' historian and the bard.
By them the hero's generous rage
Still warm in youth immortal lives;
And in their adamantine page
Thy glory still survives.

Through deep Savannahs wild and vast,
Unheard, unknown through ages past,
Beneath the sun's directer beams
What copious torrents pour their streams!
No fame have they, no fond pretence to mourn,
No annals swell their pride, or grace their storied urn.
Whilst Thou, with Rome's exalted genius join'd,
Her spear yet lifted, and her corslet brac'd,
Canst tell the waves, canst tell the passing wind,
Thy wondrous tale, and cheer the list'ning waste.
Though from his caves th' unfeeling North
Pour'd all his legion'd tempests forth,
Yet still thy laurels bloom:
One deathless glory still remains,
Thy stream *has* roll'd through LATIAN plains,
Has wash'd the walls of ROME.

Ode

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ODE V.

TO

THE TARN.

WRITTEN AT

MONTAUBAN IN FRANCE, 1750.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

TARN, how delightful wind thy willow'd waves,
But ah! they fructify a land of slaves!
In vain thy bare-foot, sun-burnt peasants hide
With luscious grapes yon hill's romantic side;
No cups nectareous shall their toils repay,
The priest's, the soldier's, and the fermier's prey:
Vain glows this sun in cloudless glory drest,
That strikes fresh vigour through the pining breast;
Give me, beneath a colder, changeful sky,
My soul's best, only pleasure, LIBERTY!
What millions perish'd near thy mournful flood
When the red papal tyrant cry'd out—‘ Blood!’
Less fierce the Saracen, and quiver'd Moor,
That dash'd thy infants 'gainst the stones of yore.
Be warn'd, ye nations round; and trembling see
Dire superstition quench humanity!

By all the chiefs in Freedom's battles lost;
By wise and virtuous ALFRED's awful ghost;
By old GALGACUS' scythed, iron car,
That, swiftly whirling through the walks of war,
Dash'd Roman blood, and crush'd the foreign
throns;
By holy Druids' courage-breathing songs;
By fierce BONDUCA's shield, and foaming steeds;
By the bold peers that met on Thames's meads;
By the fifth HENRY's helm, and lightning spear;
O LIBERTY, my warm petition hear;
Be ALBION still thy joy! with her remain,
Long as the surge shall lash her oak-crown'd plain!

ODE VI.

TO

THE EDEN,

A RIVER IN WESTMORELAND.

BY J. LANGHORNE, D. D.

DELIGHTFUL Eden! parent stream,
Yet shall the maids of Mem'ry say,
When, led by Fancy's fairy dream,
My young steps trac'd thy winding way;
How oft along thy mazy shore,
Where slowly wav'd the willows hoar,
In pensive thought their poet stray'd;
Or, dozing near thy meadow'd side,
Beheld thy dimly waters glide,
Bright through the trembling shade.

Yet shall they paint those scenes again,
Where once with infant-joy he play'd,
And bending o'er thy liquid plain,
The azure worlds below survey'd:
Led by the rosy-handed Hours,
When Time tript o'er that bank of flowers,

Which in thy crystal bosom smil'd;
Though old the God, yet light and gay,
He flung his glass, his scythe away,
And seem'd himself a child.

The poplar tall, that waving near
Wou'd whisper to thy murmurs free;
Yet rustling seems to sooth mine ear,
And trembles when I sigh for thee.
Yet seated on thy shelving brim,
Can Fancy see the Naiads trim
Burnish their green locks in the sun;
Or at the last lone hour of day,
To chase the lightly glancing jay,
In airy circles run.

But, Fancy, can thy mimic power
Again those happy moments bring?
Canst thou restore that golden hour,
When young Joy wav'd his laughing wing?
When first in Eden's rosy vale,
My full heart pour'd the lover's tale,
The vow sincere, devoid of guile!
While Delia in her panting breast,
With sighs, the tender thought supprest,
And look'd as angels smile.

O Goddess of the crystal brow,
That dwell'st the golden meads among;
Whose streams still fair in memory flow,
Whose murmurs melodize my song!

O ! yet those gleams of joy display,
Which bright'ning glow'd in Fancy's ray,
When, near thy lucid urn reclin'd,
The Dryad, Nature, bar'd her breast,
And left, in naked charms imprest,
Her image on my mind.

In vain—the maids of Mem'ry fair
No more in golden visions play ;
No friendship smooths the brow of care,
No Delia's smile approves my lay.
Yet love and friendship lost to me,
'Tis yet some joy to think of thee,
And in thy breast this moral find ;
That life, though stain'd with sorrow's showers,
Shall flow serene, while Virtue pours
Her sunshine on the mind.

ODE VII.

TO A

WATER - NYMPH.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MASON, M.A.

YE green-hair'd Nymphs ! whom PAN allows
To tend this sweetly-solemn Wood,
To speed the shooting scions into boughs,
And call the roseate blossoms from the bud ;
But chief, thou NAIAD, wont so long to lead
This fluid crystal sparkling as it flows ;
Whither, ah ! whither art thou fled ?
What shade is conscious to thy woes ?
Ah ! 'tis yon poplar's awful gloom ;
Poetic eyes can pierce the scene,
Can see thy drooping head, thy with'ring bloom,
See grief diffus'd o'er all thy languid mien.
Well mayst thou wear misfortune's fainting air,
Well rend those flow'ry honours from thy brow,
Devolve that length of careless hair,
And give yon azure veil to flow
Loose to the wind. For ah ! thy pain
The pitying Muse can well relate :
Ah ! let her, plaintive, pour the tend'rest strain,
To teach the Echoes thy disastrous fate.

'Twas where the alder's close-knit shade entwin'd
(What time the dog-star's fires intensely burn),
In gentlest indolence reclin'd,
Beside your ever-trickling urn
You slept serene; all free from fears,
No friendly dream foretold your harm,
When sudden, see! the tyrant Art appears
To snatch the liquid treasures from thy arm.
Art, Gothic Art, has seiz'd thy darling vase,
That vase which silver-slipper'd Thetis gave,
For some soft story told with grace,
Amid th' associates of the wave;
When in sequester'd coral vales,
While worlds of waters roll'd above,
The circling sea-nymphs told alternate tales
Of fabled changes, and of slighted love.
Ah! loss too justly mourn'd! for now the fiend
Has on yon shell-wrought terras pois'd it high,
And thence he bids its streams descend,
With torturing regularity;
From step to step with sullen sound
The forc'd cascades indignant leap,
'Till pent they fill the bason's measur'd round,
There in a dull stagnation doom'd to sleep.
Lost is the vocal pebble's gurgling song,
The rill soft-dripping from its rocky spring,
No free meander winds along,
Or curls, when Zephyr waves his wing,
These charms, alas! are now no more—
Fortune, oh! give me to redeem

The ravish'd vase ; oh ! give me to restore
Its pristine honours to this hapless stream !
Then, Nymph, again, with all their native ease,
Thy wanton waters, volatile and free,
Shall wildly warble, as they please,
Their soft loquacious harmony.
Where'er they vagrant choose to rove,
There will I lead, not force their way,
Whether to gloom beneath the shady grove,
Or in the mead reflect the sparkling ray.
Not HAGLEY's various stream shall thine surpass,
Though Nature, and her LYTTLETON ordain
That there the NAIAD band should grace
With every wat'ry charm the plain ;
That there the frequent rills should roll,
And health to every flower dispense,
Free as their master pours from all his soul
The gen'rous tide of warm benevolence ;
Should now glide sweetly plaintive through the vale
In melting murmurs querulously slow ;
Soft as that master's love-lorn tale,
When LUCY calls forth all his woe :
Should now from steepy heights descend,
Deep thund'ring the rough rocks among,
Loud as the praise applauding senates lend,
When England's cause inspires his glowing tongue.

ODE VIII.

WRITTEN UPON A

PEDESTAL

BENEATH A ROW OF ELMS IN A MEADOW NEAR
RICHMOND FERRY,

Belonging to Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq. sept. 1760.

‘**Y**e green-hair’d Nymphs! whom Pan allows’
To guard from harm these favour’d boughs ;
Ye blue-eyed Naiads of the stream,
That sooth the warm poetic dream ;
Ye elves and sprights, that thronging round,
When midnight darkens all the ground,
In antic measures uncontrol’d,
Your fairy sports and revels hold,
And up and down, where’er ye pass,
With many a ringlet print the grass ;
If e’er the bard hath hail’d your power
At morn’s grey dawn, or evening hour ;
If e’er by moonlight on the plain
Your ears have caught th’ enraptur’d strain ;
From every floweret’s velvet head,
From reverend Thames’s oozy bed,

From these moss'd elms, where, prison'd deep,
Conceal'd from human eyes, ye sleep,
If these your haunts be worth your care,
Awake, arise, and hear my prayer!

O banish from this peaceful plain
The perjur'd nymph, the faithless swain,
The stubborn heart, that scorns to bow,
And harsh rejects the honest vow :
The fop, who wounds the virgin's ear,
With aught that sense would blush to hear,
Or, false to honour, mean and vain,
Defames the worth he cannot stain :
The light coquet, with various art,
Who casts her net for every heart,
And smiling flatters to the chase
Alike the worthy and the base :
The dame, who, proud of virtue's praise,
Is happy if a sister strays,
And, conscious of unclouded fame,
Delighted, spreads the tale of shame :
But far, O ! banish'd far be they,
Who hear, unmov'd, the orphan's cry,
Who see, nor wish to wipe away,
The tear that swells the widow's eye ;
Th' unloving man whose narrow mind
Disdains to feel for human-kind,
At others bliss whose cheek ne'er glows,
Whose breast ne'er throbs with others woes,
Whose hoarded sum of private joys
His private care alone destroys ;

Ye fairies cast your spells around,
And guard from such this hallow'd ground!
But welcome all, who sigh with truth,
Each constant maid and faithful youth,
Whom mutual love alone hath join'd,
Sweet union of the willing mind!
Hearts pair'd in heaven, not meanly sold,
Law-licenc'd prostitutes for gold:
And welcome thrice, and thrice again,
The chosen few, the worthy train,
Whose steady feet, untaught to stray,
Still tread where virtue marks the way;
Whose souls no thought, whose hands have known
No deed, which honour might not own;
Who, torn with pain, or stung with care,
In others bliss can claim a part,
And, in life's brightest hour can share
Each pang that wrings another's heart:
Ye guardian spirits, when such ye see,
Sweet peace be theirs, and welcome free!
Clear be the sky from clouds or showers!
Green be the turf, and fresh the flowers!
And that the youth, whose pious care
Lays on your shrine this honest prayer,
May, with the rest, admittance gain,
And visit oft this pleasant scene,
Let all who love the Muse attend!
Who loves the Muse is virtue's friend.
Such then alone may venture here,
Who, free from guilt, are free from fear;

Whose wide affections can embrace
The whole extent of human race ;
Whom Virtue and her friends approve ;
Whom Cambridge and the Muses love.

ODE IX.

TO THE

REV. DR. WALWYN,

Prebendary of Canterbury.

ON HIS

INTENDING TO CUT DOWN A GROVE TO ENLARGE
HIS PROSPECT.

BY MISS CARTER.

In plaintive sounds, that tun'd to woe
The sadly-sighing breeze,
A weeping HAMADRYAD mourn'd
Her fate-devoted trees.

Ah ! stop thy sacrilegious hand,
Nor violate the shade,
Where Nature form'd a silent haunt
For Contemplation's aid.

Canst thou, the son of Science, bred
Where learned Isis flows,
Forget that, nurs'd in shelt'ring groves,
The Grecian genius rose ?

Within the plantane's spreading shade,
Immortal PLATO taught ;
And fair LYCEUM form'd the depth
Of ARISTOTLE's thought.

To Latian groves reflect thy views,
And bless the Tuscan gloom ;
Where eloquence deplored the fate
Of Liberty and Rome.

Retir'd beneath the beechen shade,
From each inspiring bough
The Muses wove th' unfading wreaths
That circled VIRGIL's brow.

Reflect before the fatal axe
My threaten'd doom has wrought ;
Nor sacrifice to sensual taste
The nobler growth of thought.

Not all the glowing fruits that blush
On India's sunny coast,
Can recompense thee for the worth
Of one idea lost.

My shade a produce may supply,
Unknown to solar fire ;
And what excludes APOLLO's rays,
Shall harmonize his lyre.

ODE X.

TO
A GENTLEMAN,
ON HIS PITCHING A TENT IN HIS GARDEN.

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

Ah! friend, forbear, nor fright the fields
With hostile scenes of imag'd war;
Content still roves the blooming wilds,
And sheds her mildest influence there:
Ah! drive not the sweet wand'rer from her seat,
Nor with rude arts profane her latest best retreat.

Are there not bowers, and sylvan scenes,
By Nature's kind luxuriance wove?
Has Romely lost the living greens
Which erst adorn'd her artless grove?
Where through each hallow'd haunt the poet stray'd,
And met the willing Muse, and peopled every shade.

But now no bards thy woods among,
Shall wait th' inspiring Muse's call;
For though to mirth and festal song
Thy choice devotes the woven wall,
Yet what avails that all be peace within,
If horrors guard the gate, and scare us from the scene?

'Tis true of old the patriarch spread
His happier tents which knew not war,
And chang'd at will the trampled mead
For fresher greens and purer air ;
But long has man forgot such simple ways,
Truth unsuspecting harm !—the dream of ancient days.

Ev'n he, cut off from human kind,
(Thy neigb'ring wretch) the child of Care,
Who, to his native mines confin'd,
Nor sees the sun, nor breathes the air,
But 'midst the damps and darkness of earth's womb
Drags out laborious life, and scarcely dreads the tomb ;

Ev'n he, should some indulgent chance
Transport him to thy sylvan reign,
Would eye the floating veil askance,
And hide him in his caves again,
While dire presage in every breeze that blows
Hears shrieks and clashing arms, and all Germania's
woes.

And doubt not thy polluted taste
A sudden vengeance shall pursue ;
Each fairy form we whilom trac'd
Along the morn or evening dew,
Nymph, Satyr, Faun, shall vindicate their grove,
Robb'd of its genuine charms, and hospitable Jove.

I see, all-arm'd with dews unblest,
Keen frosts, and noisome vapours drear,

Already, from the bleak north-east,
The Genius of the wood appear !
—Far other office once his prime delight,
To nurse thy saplings tall, and heal the harms of night.

With ringlets quaint to curl thy shade,
To bid the insect tribes retire,
To guard thy walks and not invade—
O wherefore then provoke his ire ?
Alas ! with prayers, with tears his rage repel,
While yet the redd'ning shoots with embryo-blossoms
swell.

Too late thou'l't weep, when blights deform
The fairest produce of the year ;
Too late thou'l't weep, when every storm
Shall loudly thunder in thy ear,
‘ Thus, thus the green-hair'd Deities maintain
Their own eternal rights, and Nature's injur'd reign.’

ODE XI.

WRITTEN UPON LEAVING
A FRIEND's HOUSE IN WALES.

BY THE REV. DR. MARKHAM,
Now Archbishop of York.

THE winds were loud, the clouds deep-hung,
And dragg'd their sweepy trains along
The dreary mountain's side ;
When, from the hill, one look to throw
On Towy's rambling flood below,
I turn'd my horse—and sigh'd.

But soon the gusts of sleet and hail
Flew thick across the darken'd vale,
And blurr'd the face of day :
Forlorn and sad, I jogg'd along ;
And though Tom cry'd, ‘ You're going wrong,’
Still wander'd from my way.

The scenes, which once my fancy took,
And my aw'd mind with wonder struck
Pass'd unregarded all !
Nor black Trecarris' steepy height,
Nor waste Trecastle gave delight ;
Nor clamorous Hondy's fall.

Did the bleak day then give me pain ?
The driving snow, or pelting rain,
Or sky with tempests fraught ?
No ! these unheeded rag'd around ;
Nought in them so much Mine I found,
As claim'd one wandering thought.

Far other cares engross'd my mind,
Cares for the joys I left behind
In Newton's happy groves !
Yet not because its woods disclose
Or grots or lawns more sweet than those
Which Pan at noon-day loves ;

But that, beside its social hearth,
Dwells every joy, which youthful mirth,
Or serious age can claim ;
The man too whom my soul first knew,
To virtue and to honour true ;
And friendship's sacred name.

O Newton, could these pensive lays,
In worthy numbers scan thy praise,
Much gratitude would say ;
But that the Muse, ingenuous maid,
Of flattery seems so much afraid,
She'll scarce her *duty* pray.

ODE XII.

TO THE

HON. WILMOT VAUGHAN,
NOW EARL OF LISBURNE) IN WALES.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS COVENTRY, A. M.

Ye distant realms, that hold my friend
Beneath a cold ungenial sky,
Where lab'ring groves with weight of vapours bend,
Or raving winds o'er barren mountains fly ;
Restore him quick to London's social clime,
Restore him quick to friendship, love and joy ;
Be swift, ye lazy steeds of Time,
Ye moments, all your speed employ.
Behold November's glooms arise,
Pale suns with fainter glory shine,
Dark gath'ring tempests blacken in the skies,
And shiv'ring woods their sickly leaves resign.
Is this a time on Cambrian hills to roam,
To court disease in Winter's baleful reign,
To listen to th' Atlantic foam,
While rocks repel the roaring main,
While horror fills the region vast,
Rheumatic tortures Eurus brings,

Pregnant with agues flies the northern blast,
And clouds drop quartans from their flagging wings.
Dost thou explore Sabrina's fountful source,
Where huge Plinlimmon's hoary height ascends?

Then downward mark her vagrant course,
'Till mix'd with clouds the landscape ends?
Dost thou revere the hallow'd soil
Where Druids old sepulchred lie;

Or up cold Snowden's craggy summits toil,
And muse on ancient savage liberty?
Ill suit such walks with bleak autumnal air,
Say, can November yield the joys of May?

When Jove deforms the blasted year,
Can Wallia boast a cheerful day?
The town expects thee.—Hark, around,
Through every street of gay resort,
New chariots rattle with awak'ning sound,
And crowd the levees, and besiege the court.
The patriot, kindling as his wars ensue,
Now fires his soul with liberty and fame,

Marshals his threat'ning tropes anew,
And gives his hoarded thunders aim.
Now seats their absent lords deplore,
Neglected villas empty stand,

Capacious Gro'venor gathers all its store,
And mighty London swallows up the land.
See sportive Vanity her flights begin,
See new-blown Folly's plenteous harvest rise,

See mimic beauties dye their skin,
And harlots roll their venal eyes.

Fashions are set, and fops return,
And young coquettes in arms appear ;
Dreaming of conquest, how their bosoms burn,
Trick'd in the new fantasy of the year.
Fly then away, nor scorn to bear a part
In this gay scene of folly amply spread :

Follies well us'd refine the heart,
And pleasures clear the studious head ;
By grateful interchange of mirth
The toils of study sweeter grow,
As varying seasons recommend the earth,
Nor does Apollo always bend his bow.

ODE XIII.

ON THE
DUTCHESS OF MAZARIN'S
RETIRING INTO A CONVENT.

BY JOHN LANGHORNE, D. D.

YE holy cares that haunt these lonely cells,
These scenes where salutary sadness dwells ;
Ye sighs that minute the slow wasting day,
Ye pale regrets that wear my life away ;
O bid these passions for the world depart,
These wild desires, and vanity of heart !
Hide every trace of vice, of follies past,
And yield to Heaven the victory at last.

To that the poor remains of life are due,
'Tis Heaven that calls, and I the call pursue.
Lord of my life, my future cares are thine,
My love, my duty, greet thy holy shrine :
No more my heart to vainer hopes I give,
But live for thee, whose bounty bids me live.

The Power that gave these little charms their grace,
His favours bounded, and confin'd their space ;

Spite of those charms shall time, with rude essay,
Tear from the cheek the transient rose away;
But the free mind, ten thousand ages past,
Its Maker's form, shall with its Maker last.

Uncertain objects still our hopes employ;
Uncertain all that bears the name of joy!
Of all that feels the injuries of fate
Uncertain is the search, and short the date:
Yet ev'n that boon what thousands wish to gain?
That boon of Death, the sad resource of pain!

Once on my path all fortune's glory fell,
Her vain magnificence, and courtly swell:
Love touch'd my soul at least with soft desires,
And Vanity there fed her meteor fires.
This truth at last the mighty scenes let fall,
An hour of Innocence was worth them all.

Lord of my life! O let thy sacred ray
Shine o'er my heart, and break its clouds away!
Deluding, flatt'ring, faithless world adieu!
Long hast thou taught me **GOD IS ONLY TRUE.**
That God alone I trust, alone adore,
No more deluded, and misled no more.

Come, sacred hour, when wav'ring doubts shall cease!
Come, holy scenes of long repose and peace!
Yet shall my heart, to other interests true,
A moment balance 'twixt the word and you?

Of pensive nights, of long-reflecting days,
Be yours, at last, the triumph and the praise!

Great gracious Master! whose unbounded sway,
Felt through ten thousand worlds, those worlds obey,
Wilt thou for once thy awful glories shade,
And deign t' espouse the creature thou hast made?
All other ties indignant I disclaim,
Dishonour'd those, and infamous to name!

O fatal ties, for which such tears I've shed,
For which the pleasures of the world lay dead!
That world's soft pleasures you alone disarm;
That world without you still might have its charm.
But now those scenes of tempting hope I close,
And seek the peaceful studies of Repose;
Look on the past as time that stole away,
And beg the blessings of a happier day.

Ye gay saloons, ye golden-vested halls,
Scenes of high treats, and heart-bewitching balls!
Dress, figure, splendor, charms of play, farewell,
And all the toilet's science to excel:
Ev'n Love, that ambush'd in this beauteous hair,
No more shall lie, like Indian archers, there.
Go, erring Love! for nobler objects given!
Go, beauteous hair, a sacrifice to Heaven!

Soon shall the veil these glowing features hide,
At once the period of their power and pride!

The hapless lover shall no more complain
Of vows unheard, or unrewarded pain ;
While calmly sleep in each untortur'd breast
My secret sorrow, and his sighs profest.

Go, flattering train ! and slaves to me no more,
With the same sighs some happier fair adore !
Your alter'd faith, I blame not, nor bewail —
And haply yet (what woman is not frail ?)
Yet, haply, might I calmer minutes prove,
If he that lov'd me knew no other love !

Yet were that ardor, which his breast inspir'd,
By charms of more than mortal beauty fir'd,
What nobler pride ! could I to Heaven resign
The zeal, the service that I boasted mine !
O change your false desires, ye flatt'ring train !
And love me pious, whom ye love profane !

These long adieu with lovers doom'd to go,
Or prove their merit, or my weakness shew ;
But Heaven, to such soft frailties less severe,
May spare the tribute of a female tear,
May yield one tender moment to deplore
Those gentle hearts that I must hold no more.

ODE XIV.

TO A

LADY GOING ABROAD.

FAR, from me my Delia goes,
And all my pray'rs, my tears are vain;
Nor shall I know one hour's repose,
Till Delia bless these eyes again.

Companion of the wretched, come,
Fair hope! and dwell with me a while;
Thy heavenly presence gilds the gloom,
While happier scenes in prospect smile.

Oh! who can tell what time may do?
How all my sorrows yet may end?
Can she reject a love so true?
Can Delia e'er forsake her friend?

Unkind and rude the thorn is seen,
No sign of future sweetness shows;
But time calls forth its lovely green,
And spreads the blushes of the rose.

Then come, fair hope, and whisper peace,
And keep the happy scenes in view,
When all these cares and fears shall cease,
And Delia bless a love so true,

Hope, sweet deceiver, still believ'd,
In mercy sent to sooth our care :
Oh ! tell me am I now deceiv'd,
And wilt thou leave me to despair.

Then hear ye powers, my earnest pray'r,
This pang unutterable save ;
Let me not liye to know despair,
But give me quiet in the grave :

Why should I live to hate the light,
Be with myself at constant strife,
And drag about, in nature's spight,
An useless, joyless load of life ?

But far from her all ills remove,
Your favourite care let Delia be,
Long blest in friendship, blest in love,
And may she never think on me.

But if, to prove my love sincere,
The fates a while this trial doom ;
Then aid me, hope, my woes to bear,
Nor leave me till my Delia come.

Till Delia come no more to part,
And all these cares and fears remove,
Oh, come! relieve this widow'd heart,
Oh, quickly come! my pride, my love!

My Delia come! whose looks beguile,
Whose smile can charm my cares away;—
Oh! come with that enchanting smile,
And brighten up life's wintry day;

Oh, come! and make me full amends,
For all my cares, my fears, my pain;—
Delia, restore me to my friends,
Restore me to myself again.

ODE XV.

TO THE
GENIUS OF ITALY,
OCCASIONED BY
THE EARL OF CORKE's GOING ABROAD.

BY THE REV. J. DUNCOMBE, M.A.

O THOU that, on a pointless spear reclin'd,
In dusk of eve oft tak'st thy lonely way
Where Tyber's slow, neglected waters stray,
And pour'st thy fruitless sorrows to the wind,
Grieving to see his shore no more the seat
Of arts and arms, and liberty's retreat.

Italia's Genius, rear thy drooping head,
Shake off thy trance, and weave an olive crown,
For see! a noble guest appears, well known
To all thy worthies, though in Britain bred;
Guard well thy charge, for know, our polish'd isle
Reluctant spares thee such a son as BOYLE.

There, while their sweets thy myrtle groves dispense,
Lead to the Sabine or the Tuscan plain,
Where playful Horace tun'd his amorous strain,
And Tully pour'd the stream of eloquence;

Nor fail to crown him with that ivy bloom,
Which graceful mantles o'er thy Maro's tomb.

At that blest spot, from vulgar cares refin'd,
In some soft vision or indulgent dream
Inspire his fancy with a glorious theme,
And point new subjects to his generous mind,
At once to charm his country, and improve
The last, the youngest object of his love.

But O! mark well his transports in that shade,
Where, circled by the bay's unfading green,
Amidst a rural and sequestered scene
His much-lov'd Pliny rests his honour'd head ;
There, wrapt in silence, will he gaze around,
And strew with sweetest flow'rs the hallow'd ground.

But see ! the sage, to mortal view confest,
Thrice waves the hand, and says, or seems to say,
‘ The debt I owe thee how shall I repay ?
‘ Welcome to Latium's shore, illustrious guest !
‘ Long may'st thou live to grace thy native isle,
‘ Humane in thought, and elegant in style !

‘ While on thy consort I with rapture gaze,
‘ My own Calphurnia rises to my view :
‘ That bliss unknown but to the virtuous few,
‘ Briton ! is thine ; charm'd with domestic praise,

‘Thine are those heart-felt joys that sweeten life,
‘The son, the friend, the daughter, and the wife.’

Content with such approof, when genial Spring
Bids the shrill blackbird whistle in the vale,
Home may he hasten with a prosperous gale,
And Health prote&t him with her fost’ring wing;
So shall Britannia to the wind and sea
Entrust no more her fav’rite ORRERY.

ODE XVI.

TO A
GENTLEMAN
UPON HIS
TRAVELS THROUGH ITALY.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH WARTON, D.D.

WHILE I with fond officious care,
For You my chorded shell prepare,
And not unmindful frame an humble lay,
Where shall this verse my CYNTHIO find,
What scene of art now charms your mind,
Say, on what sacred spot of Roman ground you stray?

Perhaps You cull each valley's bloom,
To strew o'er Virgil's laurell'd tomb,
Whence oft at midnight echoing voices sound;
For at that hour of silence, there
The shades of ancient Bards repair,
To join in choral song his hallow'd urn around.

Or wander in the cooling shade
Of Sabine bow'rs, where Horace stray'd,

And oft repeat in eager thought elate,
(As round in classic search you trace
With curious eye the pleasing place,)
‘That fount he lov’d, and there beneath that hill he
sate.’

How longs my raptur’d breast with you
Great Raphael’s magic strokes to view,
To whose blest hand each charm the Graces gave !
Whence each fair form with beauty glows,
Like that of Venus, when she rose
Naked in blushing charms from Ocean’s hoary wave.

As oft by roving fancy led
To smooth Clitumnus’ banks you tread,
What awful thoughts his fabled waters raise !
While the low-thoughted swain, whose flock
Grazes around, from some steep rock
With vulgar disregard his mazy course surveys.

Now thro’ the ruin’d domes my Muse
Your steps with eager flight pursues,
That their cleft piles on Tyber’s plains present,
Among whose hollow-winding cells
Forlorn and wild Rome’s Genius dwells,
His golden sceptre broke, and purple mantle rent.

Oft to those mossy mouldering walls,
Those caverns dark, and silent halls,
Let me repair by midnight’s paly fires;

There muse on Empire's fallen state,
And frail Ambition's hapless fate,
While more than mortal thoughts the solemn scene
inspires.

What lust of power from the cold North
Could tempt those Vandal-robbers forth,
Fair Italy, thy vine-clad vales to waste !
Whose hands profane, with hostile blade,
Thy story'd temples dar'd invade,
And all thy Parian seats of Attic art defac'd.

They, weeping Art in fetters bound,
And gor'd her breast with many a wound,
And veil'd her charms in clouds of thickest night;
Sad Poesy, much-injur'd maid,
They drove to some dim convent's shade,
And quench'd in gloomy mist her lamp's resplendent
light.

There long she wept, to darkness doom'd,
'Till Cosmo's hand her light relum'd,
That once again in lofty Tasso shone ;
Since has sweet Spenser caught her fire,
She breath'd once more in Milton's lyre,
And warm'd the soul divine of Shakspere, Fancy'sson.

Nor she, mild queen, will cease to smile
On her Britannia's much-lov'd isle,
Where these her best, her favourite three were born,

While Theron warbles Graecian strains,
Or polish'd Dodington remains,
The drooping train of Arts to cherish and adorn.

ODE XVII.

TO THE
HON. CHARLES TOWNSEND,
At the University.

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

O CHARLES, in absence hear a friend complain,
Whoknows thou lov'st himwheresoe'er he goes,
Yet feels uneasy starts of idle pain,
And often would be told the thing he knows.
Why then, thou loiterer, fleets the silent year,
How dar'st thou give a friend unnecessary fear ?

We are not now beside that osier'd stream,
Where erst we wander'd, thoughtless of the way;
We do not now of distant ages dream,
And cheat in converse half the ling'ring day ;
No fancied heroes rise at our command,
And no **TIMOLEON** weeps, and bleeds no **THEBAN**
band.

Yet why complain ? thou feel'st no want like these,
From me, 'tis true, but me alone debarr'd,
Thou still in **GRANTA**'s shades enjoy'st at ease
The books we reverenc'd, and the friends we
shar'd ;

Nor seest without such aids the day decline,
Nor think'st how much their loss has added weight to
thine.

Truth's genuine voice, the freely-opening mind,
Are thine, are friendship's, and retirement's lot;
To conversation is the world confin'd,
Friends of an hour, who please and are forgot;
And int'rest stains, and vanity controls
The pure unsullied thoughts, and sallies of our souls.

O I remember, and with pride repeat
The rapid progress which our friendship knew!
Even at the first with willing minds we met,
And ere the root was fix'd the branches grew.
In vain had fortune plac'd her weak barrier,
Clear was thy breast from pride, and mine from servile
fear.

I saw thee gen'rous, and with joy can say,
My education rose above my birth,
Thanks to those parent shades, on whose cold clay
Fall fast my tears, and lightly lie the earth!
To them I owe whate'er I dare pretend.
Thou saw'st with partial eyes, and bade me call thee
friend.

Let others meanly heap the treasur'd store,
And awkward fondness cares on cares employ
To leave a race more exquisitely poor,
Possess'd of riches which they ne'er enjoy:

He's only kind who takes the noble way
T' unbind the springs of thought, and give them pow'r
to play.

His heirs shall bless him, and look down with scorn
On vulgar pride from vaunted heroes sprung;
Lords of themselves, thank heaven that they were
born
Above the sordid miser's glitt'ring dung,
Above the servile grandeur of a throne.
For they are Nature's heirs, and all her works their
own.

ODE XVIII.

THE *ACADEMIC.*

WRITTEN APRIL MDCC LV.

At the time of the establishment of Classical Prizes, and building the new Public Library.

BY SIR JAMES MARRIOT, BART.

WHILE silent streams the moss-grown turrets lave,
Cam, on thy banks with pensive steps I tread;
The dipping osiers kiss thy passing wave,
And evening shadows o'er the plains are spread.

From restless eye of painful Care,
To thy secluded grot I fly,
Where Fancy's sweetest forms repair,
To sooth her darling Poesy;

Reclin'd the lovely Visionary lies
In yonder vale and laurel-vested bower;
Where the gay turf is deck'd with various dies,
And breathes the mingling scents of every flower:

While holy dreams prolong her calm repose,
Her pipe is cast the whispering reeds among ;
High on the boughs her waving harp is hung ;
Murmuring to every wind that o'er it blows.

Oft have I seen her bathe at dewy morn
Her wanton bosom in thy silver spring,
And, while her hands her flowing locks adorn
With busy elegance have heard her sing.

But say what long recorded theme,
Thro' all the lofty tale of time,
More worthy can the Goddess deem
Of sounding chords, and song sublime.

Than, whose parental hand to vigour bred
Each infant art, the Noble and the Wise ;
Whose bounty gave yon arching shades to spread,
Yon pointed spires in holy pomp to rise ?

Shall War alone loud-echoing numbers claim,
And shall the deeds of smiling Peace be drown'd,
Amid the Hero's shouts and trumpet's sound ?
These too shall flourish in immortal fame.

When Science fled from Latium's polish'd coasts
And Grecian groves, her long and lov'd abode,
Far from the din of fierce conflicting hosts,
Thro' barbarous realms the weary wanderer trod ;

But to what more indulgent sky,
To what more hospitable shade,
Could trembling, bleeding, fainting fly
The helpless and devoted Maid ?

Time-honour'd Founders ! ye the virgin woo'd !
'Twas your's, with souls to native grandeur born,
To bid her radiant beauties shine renew'd,
With wealth to heap, with honours to adorn.

In Granta's happier paths she wept no more ;
Heal'd were the wounds that scarr'd her gentle breast;
Here still she smiles with Freedom's sons to rest,
Nor mourns her Attic towers, nor Tuscan shore.

Fathers of Genius ! whom the Muse adores,
For sure to you her noblest strains belong,
Beneath whose venerable roofs she pours
The grateful notes of sweetly-flowing song.

Th' increase of swift revolving years
With conscious pride exulting view ;
How all ye plann'd complete appears ;
How all your virtues bloom anew :

The generous zeal which erst ye felt remains,
Its bounteous beams still ardent to dispense ;
While unexhausted to your learned plains
Rolls the rich stream of wide munificence.

Joy to your shades ! the great career is run,
Reserv'd by Fate for some superior hand,
Confest, the last, th' auspicious work shall stand,
And Statesman, Monarch end what ye begun.

Ye too, once Inmates of these walls renown'd,
Whose spirits, mingling with th' ethereal ray,
Of universal Nature trac'd the bound,
Or rais'd in majesty of thought the lay,

See your lov'd Arts this clime to grace,
Their rival radiance brighter shed,
While Holles smiles the wreath to place
Upon the youthful Victor's head.

Where Spenser sits among your thrones sublime,
To the soft music of his mournful lays
Listening ye weep for his ungrateful time,
And point the better hope of happier days.

If with the dead dishonour's memory dies,
Forget, much injur'd Name, th' unworthy woe ;
In strains like thine so may our accents flow,
In nobler numbers yon fair domes arise.

When Faction's storms, or some fell Tyrant's hate
Arts join'd with Freedom to one grave shall doom,
Then tho' these structures to the hand of Fate
Bend their proud height, like thine, imperial Rome,

Know, vainly, Time, thy rapid rage
Shall point its wide destroying aim,
Since what defies the force of age
Thus consecrates the pile to Fame;

Some future eye the ruin'd heap shall trace,
The name of Holles on the stone behold,
Shall point a Brunswic to a distant race,
Benign, and awful on the swelling gold.

Th' historic page, the poet's tuneful toil,
With these compar'd, their mutual aid shall raise
To build the records of eternal praise,
And deck with endless wreaths their honour'd soil.

Sweeter than warbled sounds that win the sense
Flows the glad music of a grateful heart,
Beyond the pomp of wordy eloquence,
Or strains too cold, high-wrought with labour'd art.

Tho' weakly sounds the jarring string;
Tho' vainly would the Muse explore
The heights to which with eagle wing
Alone can heaven-taught Genius soar;

Yet shall her hand ingenious strive to twine
The blooming chaplet for her Leader's brow;
While with new verdure grac'd, in Glory's shrine,
The ampler Palms of civic Honours grow;

When he, these favour'd shades appears to bless,
Whose guardian counsels guide a nation's fate,
And with superior toils for Europe's state
Mixes the thought of Granta's happiness.

Hail seats rever'd ! where thoughtful pleasures dwell,
And hovering Peace extends her downy wings,
Where musing Knowledge holds her humble cell,
And Truth divine unlocks her secret springs;

This verse with mild acceptance deign
To hear ; this verse yourselves inspire,
Ere yet within your sacred fane
The Muse suspends her votive lyre.

Thee, Granta, thus with filial thanks I greet,
With smiles maternal thou those thanks receive,
For Learning's humble wealth, for friendship sweet,
For every calmer joy thy scenes could give.

While thus I sport upon thy peaceful strand,
The storms of life at awful distance roar ;
And still I dread, still lingering on the shore,
To launch my little bark, and quit the land.

ODE XIX.

A

FRAGMENT.

Supposed to have been found in a dark Passage in the
TOWER OF LONDON.

BY

MISS HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

RISE, winds of night ! relentless tempests, rise !
Rush from the troubled clouds, and o'er me roll ;
In this chill pause a deeper horror lies,
A wilder fear appals my shudd'ring soul.—
'Twas on this day, this hour accurst,
That Nature starting from repose
Heard the dire shrieks of murder burst—
From infant innocence they rose,
And shook these solemn towers!—
I shudd'ring pass that fatal room
For ages wrapt in central gloom ;—
I shudd'ring pass that iron door
Which Fate perchance unlocks no more ;
Death smear'd with blood o'er the dark portal lowesrs.

How fearfully my step resounds
Along these lonely bounds :
Spare, savage blast ! the taper's quiv'ring fires,
Deep in these gath'ring shades its flame expires.

Ye host of heaven ! the door recedes—
It mocks my grasp—what unseen hands
Have burst its iron bands ?
No mortal force this gate unbarr'd
Where danger lives, which terrors guard—
Dread powers ! its screaming hinges close
On this dire scene of impious deeds—
My feet are fix'd !—Dismay has bound
My step on this polluted ground—
But lo ! the pitying moon, a line of light
Athwart the horrid darkness dimly throws,
And from yon grated window chases night.—

Ye visions that before me roll,
That freeze my blood, that shake my soul !
Are ye the phantoms of a dream ?
Pale spectres ! are ye what ye seem ?
They glide more near—
Their forms unfold !
Fix'd are their eyes, on me they bend—
Their glaring look is cold !
And hark !—I hear
Sounds that the throbbing pulse of life suspend.

• No wild illusion cheats thy sight
• With shapes that only live in night—

‘ Mark the native glories spread
‘ Around my bleeding brow !
‘ The crown of Albion wreath’d my head,
‘ And Gallia’s lilies twin’d below—
‘ When my father shook his spear,
‘ When his banner sought the skies,
‘ Her baffled host recoil’d with fear,
‘ Nor turn’d their shrinking eyes :—
‘ Soon as the daring eagle springs
‘ To bask in heav’ns empyreal light,
‘ The vultures ply their baleful wings,
‘ A cloud of deep’ning colour marks their flight,
‘ Staining the golden day :—
‘ But see ! amid the rav’nous brood
‘ A bird of fiercer aspect soar—
‘ The spirits of a rival race,
‘ Hang on the noxious blast, and trace,
‘ With gloomy joy, his destin’d prey ;
‘ Inflame th’ ambitious wish that thirsts for blood,
‘ And plunge his talents deep in kindred gore.

‘ View the stern form that hovers nigh,
‘ Fierce rolls his dauntless eye
‘ In scorn of hideous death ;
‘ Till starting at a brother’s name,
‘ Horror shrinks his glowing frame,
‘ Locks the half-utter’d groan,
‘ And chills the parting breath :—
Astonish’d nature heav’d a moan !

‘ When her affrighted eye beheld the hands
‘ She form’d to cherish rend her holy bands.

‘ Look where a royal infant kneels,
‘ Shrieking, and agoniz’d with fear,
‘ He sees the dagger pointed near
‘ A much lov’d brother’s breast,
‘ And tells an absent mother all he feels :—
‘ His eager eye he casts around ;
‘ Where shall her guardian form be found,
‘ On which his eager eye would rest !
‘ On her he calls in accents wild,
‘ And wonders why her step is slow
‘ To save her suff’ring child !—
‘ Rob’d in the regal garb, his brother stands
‘ In more majestic woe—
‘ And meets the impious stroke with bosom bare,
‘ Then fearless grasps the murd’rer’s hands,
‘ And asks the minister of hell to spare
‘ The child whose feeble arms sustain
‘ His bleeding form from cruel Death.—
‘ In vain fraternal fondness pleads,
‘ For cold is now his livid cheek
‘ And cold his last aspiring breath :
‘ And now with aspect meek,
‘ The infant lifts his mournful eye,
‘ And asks, with trembling voice, to die,
‘ If death will cure his heaving heart of pain—
‘ His heaving heart now bleeds—

‘ Foul tyrant! o'er the gilded hour
‘ That beams with all the blaze of power,
‘ Remorse shall spread her thickest shroud;
‘ The furies in thy tortur'd ear
‘ Shall howl, with curses deep, and loud,
‘ And wake distracting fear!
‘ I see the ghastly spectre rise,
‘ Whose blood is cold, whose hollow eyes
‘ Seem from his head to start—
‘ With upright hair, and shiv'ring heart,
‘ Dark o'er thy midnight couch he bends,
‘ And clasps thy shrinking frame, thy impious spirit
 rends.’

Now his thrilling accents die—
His shape eludes my searching eye—
But who is he, convuls'd with pain,
That writhes in every swelling vein?

Yet in so deep so wild a groan,
A sharper anguish seems to live
Than life's expiring pang can give:—

He dies deserted and alone—
If pity can allay thy woes
Sad spirit they shall find repose—
Thy friend, thy long-lov'd friend is near!
He comes to pour the parting tear,
 He comes to catch the parting breath—
Ah heaven! no melting look he wears,
His alter'd eye with vengeance glares;
Each frantic passion at his soul,

'Tis he has dash'd that venom'd bowl
With agony, and death.

But whence arose that solemn call?

Yon bloody phantom waves his hand,
And beckons me to deeper gloom—
Rest, troubled form! I come—
Some unknown power my step impels
To horror's secret cells—

‘For thee I raise this sable pall,
‘It shrouds a ghastly band:

‘Stretch'd beneath, thy eye shall trace
‘A mangled regal race:
‘A thousand suns have roll'd, since light
‘Rush'd on their solid night—

‘See, o'er that tender frame grim famine hangs,
‘And mocks a mother's pangs!

‘The last, last drop which warm'd her veins
‘That meagre infant drains—

‘Then gnaws her fond sustaining breast—
‘Stretch'd on her feeble knees, behold

‘Another victim sinks to lasting rest—
‘Another, yet her matron arms would fold

‘Who strives to reach her matron arms in vain—
‘Too weak her wasted form to raise,

‘On him she bends her eager gaze;
‘She sees the soft imploring eye

‘That asks her dear embrace, the cure of pain—
‘She sees her child at distance die—

‘ But now her stedfast heart can bear
‘ Unmov’d, the pressure of despair—
‘ When first the winds of winter urge their course
‘ O’er the pure stream, whose current smoothly
glides,
‘ The heaving river swells its troubled tides;
‘ But when the bitter blast with keener force,
‘ O’er the high wave an icy fetter throws,
‘ The harden’d wave is fix’d in dead repose.’—
‘ Say who that hoary form? alone he stands,
‘ And meekly lifts his wither’d hands—
‘ His white beard streams with blood—
‘ I see him with a smile, deride
‘ The wounds that pierce his shrivell’d side,
‘ Whence flows a purple flood—
‘ But sudden pangs his bosom tear—
‘ On one big drop of deeper dye,
‘ I see him fix his haggard eye
‘ In dark and wild despair!
‘ That sanguine drop which wakes his woe—
‘ Say, spirit! whence its source.’—
‘ Ask no more its source to know—
‘ Ne’er shall mortal eye explore
‘ Whence flow’d that drop of human gore,
‘ Till the starting dead shall rise,
‘ Unchain’d from earth, and mount the skies,
‘ And time shall end his fated course.’—
‘ Now th’ unfathom’d depth behold—
‘ Look but once! a second glance

‘Wraps a heart of human mould
‘In death’s eternal trance.’

‘That shapeless phantom sinking flow
‘Deep down the vast abyss below,
‘Darts, thro’ the mists that shroud his frame,
‘A horror, nature hates to name !—
‘Mortal, could thine eyes behold
‘All those sullen mists enfold,
‘Thy sinews at the sight accurst
‘Would wither, and thy heart-strings burst ;
‘Death would grasp with icy hand
‘And drag thee to our grizzly band—
‘Away ! the sable pall I spread,
‘And give to rest th’ unquiet dead—
‘Haste ! ere its horrid shroud enclose
‘Thy form, benumb’d with wild affright,
‘And plunge thee far thro’ wastes of night,
‘In yon black gulph’s abhorrd repose !’
As starting at each step I fly,
Why backward turns my frantic eye,
That closing portal past ?—

Two sullen shades half-seen advance !—

On me, a blasting look they cast,
And fix my view with dang’rous spells,
Where burning phrenzy dwells !—

Again their vengeful look—and now a speechless——



ODE XX.

NETLEY ABBEY.

BY W. SOTHEBY, ESQ.

SOFT on the wave the oars at distance sound,
The night-breeze sighing through the leafy spray,
With gentle whisper murmurs all around,
Breathes on the placid sea, and dies away.
As sleeps the Moon upon her cloudless height,
And the swoln spring-tide heaves beneath the light,
Slow lingering on the solitary shore
Along the dewy path my steps I bend,
Lonely to yon forsaken fane descend,
To muse on youth's wild dreams amid the ruin's hoar.

Within the shelter'd centre of the aisle,
Beneath the ash, whose growth romantic spreads
Its foliage trembling o'er the funeral pile,
And all around a deeper darkness sheds ;
While through yon arch, where the thick ivy twines,
Bright on the silver'd tow'r the moon-beam shines,
And the grey cloyster's roofless length illumes,
Upon the mossy stone I lie reclin'd,
And to a visionary world resign'd,
Call the pale spectres forth from the forgotten tombs.

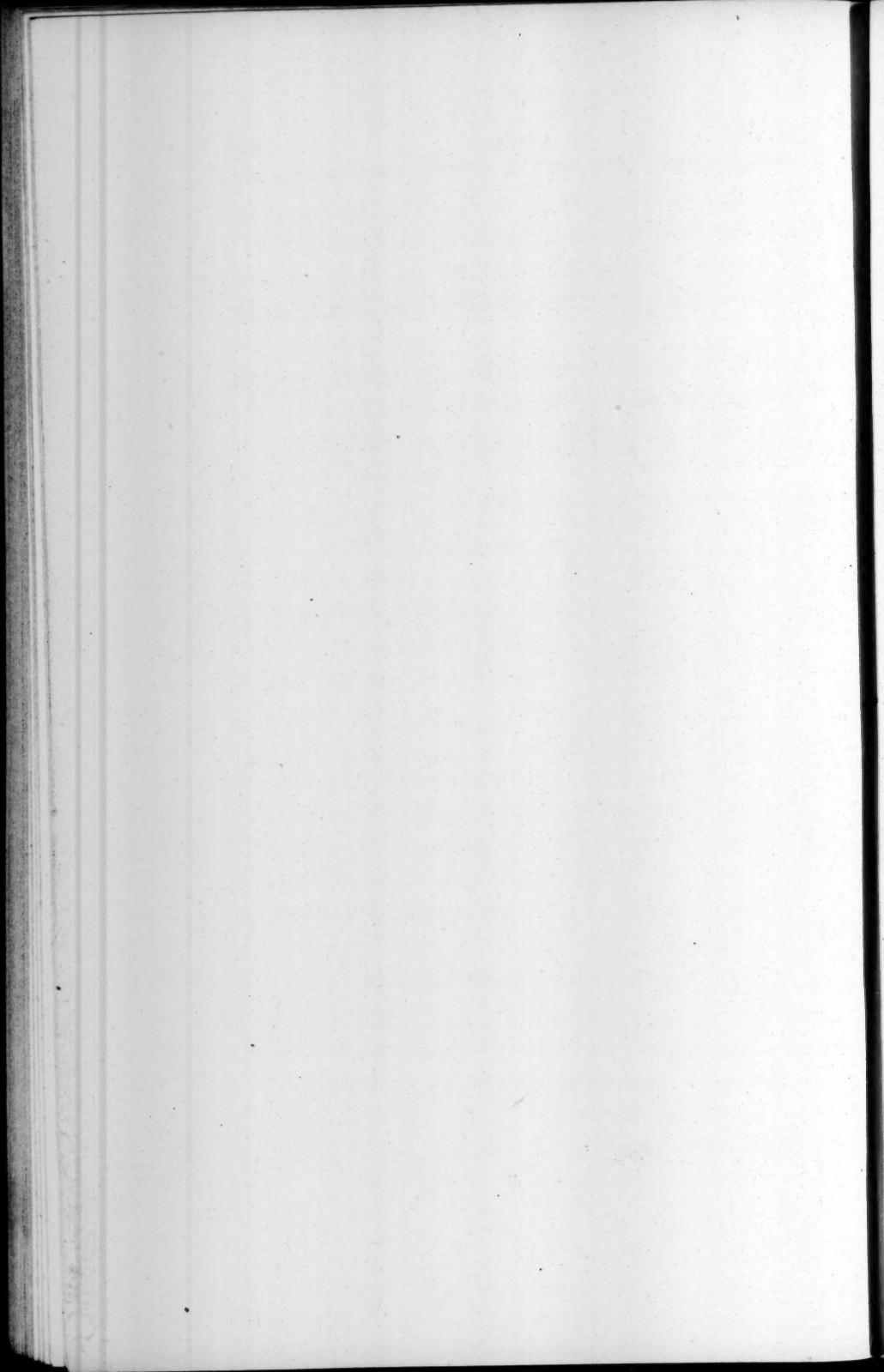
Spirits! the desolated wreck that haunt,
Who frequent by the village maiden seen,
When sudden shouts at eve the wanderer daunt,
And shapeless shadows sweep along the green;
And ye, in midnight horrors heard to yell
Round the destroyer of the holy cell,
With interdictions dread of boding sound;
Who, when he prowld the rifled walls among,
Prone on his brow the massy fragment flung;—
Come from your viewless caves, and tread this hal-
low'd ground!

How oft, when homeward forc'd, at day's dim close,
In youth, as bending back I mournful stood
Fix'd on the fav'rite spot, where first arose
The pointed ruin peeping o'er the wood;
Methought I heard upon the passing wind
Melodious sounds in solemn chorus join'd,
Echoing the chaunted vesper's peaceful note,
Oft through the veil of night's descending cloud,
Saw gleaming far the visionary croud
Down the deep vaulted aisle in long procession float.

But now; no more the gleaming forms appear,
Within their graves at rest the fathers sleep;
And not a sound comes to the wistful ear,
Save the low murmur of the tranquil deep:
Or from the grass that in luxuriant pride
Waves o'er yon eastern window's sculptur'd side,

The dew-drops bursting on the fretted stone :
While faintly from the distant coppice heard,
The music of the melancholy bird
Trills to the silent heav'n a sweetly-plaintive moan.

Farewell, delightful dreams, that charm'd my youth !
Farewell th' aerial note, the shadowy trail !
Now while this shrine inspires sublimer truth,
While cloyster'd echo breathes a solemn strain,
In the deep stillness of the midnight hour,
Wisdom shall curb wild fancy's magic pow'r,
And as with life's gay dawn th' illusions cease,
Though from the heart steal forth a sigh profound ;
Here Resignation o'er its secret wound
Shall pour the lenient balm that soothes the soul to
peace.



NOTES ON ODES

OF THE *THIRD AND FOURTH CLASS.*

NOTES ON ODES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

ODE XIII.

Page 10. Mr. Say was the son of an ejected minister of Southampton, and after having been some years Pastor of a dissenting congregation at Ipswich, in 1723, succeeded Dr. Calamy in that which belongs at present to Dr. Kippis. Soon after Mr. Say's death, which happened April 12, 1743, at the age of 68, several of his poems, and two essays in prose, were published in one volume in quarto, by subscription. The latter, "On the Harmony, Variety, and Power of Numbers in general," and, "On those of Paradise Lost in particular," have been much admired by persons of taste and judgment. His only daughter married Mr. Toms, a dissenting teacher at Hadleigh in Suffolk.

ODE XXVII.

Page 42. The writer of this Ode was daughter of the Reverend Mr. Pennington, Rector of Huntingdon. She died in 1759, at the age of 25. Mr. Duncombe has celebrated her in "The Feminiad," for her "Cop-
" per Farthing."

NOTES

ON

ODES OF THE FOURTH CLASS.

ODE III.

Page 61. Mr. William Collins was born at Chichester in Sussex, in the year 1721: in which city his father was a reputable tradesman. He was admitted a scholar of Winchester college, Feb. 23, 1733, where he spent seven years under the care of Dr. Burton. In the year 1740, in consideration of his merit, he was placed first in the list of those scholars who are elected from Winchester college to New college, Oxford: but no vacancy happening at the latter, he entered, the same year, a commoner of Queen's, and July 29, 1741, was elected a demy, or scholar, of Magdalen college in the same university. At school he began to study poetry and criticism, particularly the latter. The following epigram, written by him while at Winchester-school, discovers a genius, and turn of expression, very rarely to be met with in juvenile compositions.

TO
MISS AURELIA C—R,
ON HER WEEPING AT HER SISTER'S WEDDING.

Cease, fair Aurelia, cease to mourn ;
Lament not Hannah's happy state ;
You may be happy in your turn,
And seize the treasure you regret.

With Love united Hymen stands,
And softly whispers to your charms ;
‘Meet but your lover in my bands,
‘You'll find your sister in his arms.’

His Latin exercises were never so much admired as his English.—At Oxford he wrote the epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer, and Oriental eclogues, which were first published in 1742, under the title of Persian eclogues. About the year 1743, he left Oxford. Having taken the degree of bachelor of arts, and being weary of the confinement and uniformity of an academical life, through a fond imagination that a man of parts was sure of making his fortune in London, and being struck with the name of author and poet, he without consulting his friends was induced to remove to town, rashly resolving to live by his pen, without undertaking the drudgery of any profession. Here he soon dissipated his small fortune, to compensate for which, he projected the history of the revival of learn-

ing in Italy, under the pontificates of Julius II. and Leo X. His subscription for this work not answering his expectations, he engaged with a bookseller, to translate Aristotle's Poetics, and to illustrate it with a large and regular comment. This scheme also being laid aside, he turned his thoughts to dramatic poetry, and being intimately acquainted with the manager, resolved to write a tragedy, which however he never executed. In the year 1746 he published his Odes ; and shortly after went abroad to our army in Flanders, to attend his uncle, colonel Martin, who, dying soon after his arrival, left him a considerable fortune; which however he did not live long to enjoy, for he fell into a nervous disorder, which continued, with but short intervals till his death, in 1756, and with which disorder his head and intellects were at times affected.

For a man of so elevated a genius, Mr. Collins has written but little : his time was chiefly taken up in laying extensive projects, and vast designs, which he never even begun to put in execution.

Of our Poet, Dr. Johnson, who well knew him, soon after his death, communicated this account.

Mr. Collins was a man of extensive literature, and of vigorous faculties. He was acquainted not only with the learned tongues, but with the Italian, French, and Spanish languages. He had employed his mind chiefly upon works of fiction, and subjects of fancy; and, by indulging some peculiar habits of thought,

was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens. This was however the character rather of his inclination than his genius, the grandeur of wildness, and the novelty of extravagance, were always desired by him, but were not always attained. But diligence is never wholly lost: if his efforts sometimes caused harshness and obscurity, they likewise produced in happier moments sublimity and splendor. This idea, which he had formed of excellence, led him to oriental fictions, and allegorical imagery; and, perhaps, while he was intent upon description, he did not sufficiently cultivate sentiment: his poems are the productions of a mind not deficient in fire, nor unfurnished with knowledge either of books or life, but somewhat obstructed in its progress, by deviation in quest of mistaken beauties.

His morals were pure, and his opinions pious. In a long continuance of poverty, and long habits of dissipation, it cannot be expected that any character should be exactly uniform. There is a degree of want by which the freedom of agency is almost destroyed, and long association with fortuitous companions will at last relax the strictness of truth, and abate the fervour

of sincerity. That this man, wise and virtuous as he was, passed always unentangled through the snares of life, it would be prejudice and temerity to affirm. But it may be said, that at least he preserved the source of action unpolluted, that his principles were never shaken, that his distinctions of right and wrong were never confounded, and that his faults had nothing of malignity or design, but proceeded from some unexpected pressure, or casual temptation.

The latter part of his life cannot be remembered but with pity and sadness. He languished some years under that depression of mind which enchains the faculties without destroying them, and leaves reason the knowledge of right, without the power of pursuing it. These clouds, which he found gathering on his intellects, he endeavoured to disperse by travel, and passed into France, but found himself constrained to yield to his malady, and returned: he was for some time confined in a house of lunatics, and afterwards retired to the care of his sister in *Colchester**, where death at last came to his relief.

After his return from France, the writer of this character paid him a visit at Islington, where he was waiting for his Sister, whom he had directed to meet him: there was then nothing of disorder discernable in his mind by any but himself, but he had then withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children

* It is apprehended, *Cbicbester*.

carry to the school; when his friend took it into his hand, out of curiosity to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, ‘I have but one book,’ says Collins, ‘but that is the best.’

Mr. COLLINS, says Dr. Johnson, shewed the WARTONS in his last illness an *Ode*, inscribed to Mr. JOHN HOME, on the *Superstitions of the Highlands*, which they thought superior to his other works. Of this Ode the foregoing is said to be a copy discovered among some old papers, in the concealed drawers of a bureau, left among other articles, by a relation, to the PUBLISHER, who, however, ought not to have WITH-HOLDEN HIS NAME.

Page 61. *Mid those soft Friends, whose hearts some future day,*

Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song.]

How truly did Collins predict Home’s tragic powers!

ib. *Go, not unmindful of that cordial Youth*

Whom, long endear’d, thou leav’st by Lavant’s side;]

A Gentleman of the name of Barrow, who introduced Home to Collins.

63. ————— *the shepherd’s shiel,]*

A summer hut, reared in the high part of the mountains, for the purpose of pasturing flocks in the warm season.

64. *Stanza Five.]*

Before the Copy here given of this Ode was discovered, one still less perfect was found by a Scottish Clergyman, to fill a chasm in which the lines annexed were

substituted by Mr. MACKENZIE, author of the *Man of Feeling*.

- ‘ Or on some bellying rock that shades the deep,
- ‘ They view the lurid signs that cross’d the sky,
- ‘ Where in the west the brooding tempest lie ;
- ‘ And hear their first, faint, rustling pennons sweep.
- ‘ Or in the arched cave, where deep and dark
- ‘ The broad, unbroken billows heave and swell,
- ‘ In horrid musings rapt, they sit to mark
- ‘ The lab’ring moon ; or list the nightly yell
- ‘ Of that dread spirit, whose gigantic form
- ‘ The seer’s entranced eye can well survey,
- ‘ Through the dim air who guides the driving storm,
- ‘ And points the wretched bark its destin’d prey.
- ‘ Or him who hovers on his flagging wing,
- ‘ O’er the dire whirlpool, that, in ocean’s waste,
- ‘ Draws instant down whate’er devoted thing
- ‘ The falling breeze within its reach hath plac’d—
- ‘ The distant seaman hears, and flies with trembling haste.
- ‘ Or, if on land the fiend exerts his sway,
- ‘ Silent he broods o’er quicksand, bog or fen,
- ‘ Far from the shelt’ring roof and haunts of men,
- ‘ When witched darkness shuts the eye of day
- ‘ And shrouds each star that wont to cheer the night;
- ‘ Or, if the drifted snow perplex the way,
- ‘ With treach’rous gleam he lures the fated wight,
- ‘ And leads him flound’ring on and quite astray.’

64. *As Boreas threw his young Aurora forth,*

In the first year of the first George’s reign,]

By *young Aurora*, The Poet undoubtedly meant the appearance of the northern lights, which happened

about the year 1715; a phaenomenon, it has been said, that no ancient writer has taken notice of, nor even any modern, previous to this period. An assertion, however, which but ill accords with VIRGIL's:—

Armorum sonitum toto Germania caelo—

not to mention the vivid description of SPENSER, alluding to a like appearance in the reign of Elizabeth.

ib. *They rav'd! divining thro' their Second Sight,]* Second Sight is the term used for the divination of the Highlanders.

ib. *Illustrious William! ——]*

The late Duke of Cumberland, who defeated the Pretender at the battle of Culloden.

ib. *Let not dank Will ——]*

A fiery meteor, called by various names, such as *Will o' the Wisp, Jack with a Lanthorn, &c.* It hovers over marshes and fens.

66. *Drown'd by the Kelpie's ——]*

The water fiend.

ib. *— that hoar pile ——]*

One of the Hebrides is called *The Isle of Pigmies*, where it is reported, that several miniature bones of the human species have been dug up in the ruins of a chapel.

ib. *Or thither, where beneath the show'ry west,*

The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid:]

ICOLMKILL, one of the Hebrides, where near sixty of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are interred.

67. *Along th' Atlantic rock, undreading, climb,
And of its eggs despoil the Solan's nest.]*

An aquatic bird like a goose, on the eggs of which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the Hebrides, chiefly subsist.

69. *Are by smooth Annan fill'd, or pastoral Tay,
Or Don's romantic springs, at distance, hail!]*

Three rivers in Scotland,

ib. *Then will I dress once more the faded bow'r,
Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade;]*

Ben Jonson paid a visit on foot, 1619, to the Scotch poet Drummond, at his seat of Hawthornden, within four miles of Edinburgh.

ib. *The cordial youth on Lothian's plains,—]*

Barrow, it seems, was at the Edinburgh university, which is in the county of Lothian.

ODE V.

*Page 74. What millions perish'd near thy mournful flood
When the red papal tyrant cry'd out—blood!]*

Alluding to the persecutions of the Protestants, and the wars of the Saracens, carried on in the Southern provinces of France.

ODE VII.

*Page 79. Ye green-hair'd Nymphs! whom PAN allows
To tend this sweetly-solemn Wood,]*

At Ebberstone-Lodge a seat near Scarborough, finely situated with a great command of water, but disposed in a very false taste.

ODE X.

*Page 88. Has Romely lost the living greens
Which erst adorn'd her artless grove ?]
In Scarsdale, in the County of Derby.*

ODE XI.

*Page 91. —Newton's happy groves!]
Newton is the name of a seat belonging to Sir John
Price.*

ODE XII.

*Page 93. The writer of this Ode, a near relation,
and if we mistake not, brother, of the Author of
“PHILEMON to HYDASPE,” was educated at Mag-
dalene college, Cambridge; and there distinguished
himself as an elegant scholar and an amiable man.
The “Adventures of Pompey the little,” were written by
him. He died of the small pox, vicar of Edgware, in
1759.*

ODE XVI.

*Page 109. While Theron warbles Graecian strains,]
The author of the Pleasures of Imagination.*

ODE XVII.

*Page 110. The Gentleman addressed in this Ode,
was second son of the third Viscount Townsend.*

After having filled some of the highest posts under government, with distinguished honour, he died Sept. 4, 1767, aged 42.

THE END.



